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MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER THIRTEENTH.

PROFESSIONAL mendicants compose a not inconsiderable portion of the population of the City of Mexico. Indeed I am not aware that any one-horse town in the land can complain of a stint in that particular; but the solicitor of alms generally seeks the best entertainment that his circumstances allow, and no other place offers half the inducements, or is so lavish of the comforts of life as the metropolis.

To testify their grateful homage to the queen of the valley, ten thousand *lepèros* hang upon her skirts. From the fluctuating nature of this class of humanity, it is difficult to assign to them any local habitation or particular quarter as a permanent abode. They are to be found anywhere and everywhere. Crouching down under the shadow of a marble palace, the *lepèro* seems to be an inanimate bundle of rags, until starting up he begs the passer-by to give him a light of a cigarito; and the request is made with such politeness and grace, that the accosted one must be a niggard indeed if he refuse a donation of coin, or its equivalent in tobacco. In the market-place he sports his sallow figure, and picks up an honest penny in any way but by working for it; and then, when seen moving in the joyous fandango, to the sound of guitar and castanets, he seems to be gifted with ubiquity and the utmost freedom from care.

Like the lazzaroni of Italy, born and bred to the profession, no false shame prompts them to despise their birthright. Allusions to poverty cannot chafe them, although they are keenly sensitive to any contumelious epithets, or other indignities, which it were unbecoming in *caballeros* to silently bear. They find it necessary to the prosperity of their avocation to scatter about, and to mingle with the more opulent, where there may be a chance of good picking, and yet they are gregarious in their habits. We have seen as many as four or five thousand, of all ages, in a dense pauper-throng, on a holiday; and holidays are frequent with them. They do not slight the memory of any of the principal

saints in the calendar, but take advantage of any gathering of grandeur to be very devotional, and kneeling down by the side of worshippers of all degrees, become so absent-minded as not to know one pocket from another; and on such an occasion, the most dexterous in manipulations pries into the secrets of his neighbor's pockets, while the less skilful is left to his whine and temporary deformities to obtain boons. The festivals in honor of some modest ex-member of their own calling, who has been canonized, command their most enthusiastic attentions. Then it is that they swarm in the open squares and market-places, and perfume the air, as they flaunt their tattered rags, and celebrate the glories of the sainted tatterdemalion.

When an insolent assemblage of *lèpèros* blocked up the streets on any of their festal days, it was seemly and prudent withal for the decent citizen to make a circuit, to avoid a too close contact with subtle fingers. We *militaires* did not observe any such ceremony. When the passage-ways were so choked up that not a chink was visible in the dense rag-wall — so suggestive of paper-mills — we used to strike spurs into our horses' flanks, without deviating an inch from the line of the street, and apparently unaware that the hoofs almost touched the bodies of the shrinking vagabonds, as they opened a channel. At first they charitably made allowance for our defectiveness of sight, and deigned not to move a bit; but the up-lifted fore-feet of the horses admonished them that the track was to be cleared without unnecessary delay. A wave of heads surged on either side, and we left them wiser if not better people. It must be presumed that the members of this class are really devout on their own saints' days. Then it is that, for a few bits of silver, paid into the hands of some abandoned clergyman, they may be purified of the most enormous sins — sins that were committed with the intent that they should be repented of, and with the assurance that the most complete absolution could be obtained therefor for a trifle, and many of which were paid for in advance. Conscience is stifled by the penitential act, and other atrocities may at the moment be contemplated, with the intent to expiate them in like manner. We could see enough to remind us of the pious models of rascality painted by Cervantes, and exemplified in all whose extraction is common with that of his people. The clerical worthies show compassion to them all the readier because they perhaps have themselves experienced the proneness of frail humanity to give way to the worst of passions. I refer now to the abandoned priesthood.

Let us turn the other side of the picture. The poor people have been charged with being grossly ignorant, a wholesale aspersion which it is my humble office to correct. Many of them can read and write, while others are expert handicraftsmen, and might gain an honest support, were it not that early education and prejudiced notions would check any such falling away from the customs of their fathers. Among them are artists who can carve a crucifix, in elaborate and not inelegant figures, or paint a St. Peter in full regimentals of the present day, giving the complexion the tint of an Indian, and completing the picture with other little anachronisms pleasant to behold. They are

smart people in many particulars, and unequalled in artifice and roguery.

There is a spice of aristocracy in their allusions to ancestry whose station was in life was no less respectable than their own ; and with a very justifiable pride, some of their number recount the deeds of their progenitors. Not many care to go back to Roncesvalles to look up their ancestors ; but when it comes to the first revolution, when Padre Hidalgo and his ten thousand ragamuffins, a horde of Indians as much to be feared by the Creoles as were the Spaniards, then it is that all look knowingly, and the frosty pate, who sports a leg that the carpenter made him, becomes, for the time being, 'cock of the walk.' Surely many of that valiant army would have had the honor to die by the fire of the royalist troops, but for a circumstance not generally mentioned by the dusky chroniclers. The patriot army marched imposingly toward the city, relying upon the average of one musket to each ten men, when lo ! just at the moment that the besieged city was about to surrender, a faintness of heart came over the patriots, and they ingloriously fled. It was not because they feared to meet the well-ordered Spanish troops that the panic seized them, for they had smelled gunpowder before. History informs us of another instance of panic no less unaccountable, when Germanicus and the Germans were about to engage in mortal strife. The Romans and their enemies, without any apparent exciting cause, all at once felt just such a qualm, and, without striking a blow, both armies fled in an opposite direction, and neither side looked back until out of fighting distance. If the patriots took to their heels when victory was within arm's length, on one occasion, it was a solitary instance in their history. In ignorance of the effect of artillery, or to show contempt of the haughty Spaniards, the people of mixed blood rushed fearlessly up to the cannon, into the mouths of which they thrust their *sombreros de patate* (flag-hats) to stop the balls, just the thing the old fellow did in the Irish rebellion, only he thrust his wig into the muzzle of the cannon. The scene that ensued baffles description, for which reason the native historians touch lightly on it. The slaughter did not cease until the Spaniards, exhausted with their bloody work, sank to the ground that was covered with Hidalgo's soldiers ; and at this late period, few indeed can be found that had a hand in that sanguinary encounter. The common people claim the full honors of that contest, and the better classes evince no disposition to dispute the palm with them.

It is difficult to draw a line of demarkation between this most despised class and others bearing a striking resemblance to them. There are several castes among those swarthy republicans ; but the most numerous class is that of the *Mextizocs*, the most wicked race of natives, of mixed white and Indian blood, in whom predominate all the faults, moral and physical, of their progenitors, the *Blancos* and *Indios*, and they are represented as giving a pretty accurate idea of the *canaille* of Paris, in all but the color. Then come the mulattoes, sprung from whites and negroes, the Sambos, the offspring of Indians and negroes, and a few whose origin cannot be even guessed at. These various classes furnish the vagabonds known as *leperos*, and

called by our soldiers 'greasers,' the etymology of which is unknown to me. While discussing the shades of color, it must not be forgotten that there is the full-blooded Congo darkey, whose dress is all the blacker when nature is unadorned. Such an one will frequently take offence at being called a black man, and will display a certificate from the government, which recites that for the payment of so many doubloons Señor So-and-so is declared to be a white man, and consequently entitled to all the immunities, privileges, franchises, etc., belonging to the most favored races of the land. As the sable gentlemen are quite as ambitious as any of their naturally pale brethren, it is not surprising to find them among the aspirants for the highest offices; and if they were a little more lavish of cologne-water, they would more frequently succeed in reaching the legislative chambers. Another distinct race is the unmixed copper-colored Indians, who are made the beasts of burthen, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and have so been for so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and there is also the most superior of all the mixed races, the Creoles, not inferior perhaps to the native Castilians, and who do not think themselves behind any people in intelligence. Ask any of our army, who served among them, and who knew what was what, and they will be willing to make a solemn affidavit that the Creole ladies are the prettiest, the jolliest, the best conversationists, and the most patriotic, and, in a word, the most charming of their sex in all that land.

The common people are politicians as well as warriors, and to hear their discussions of the prominent questions of the day, one would suppose that the fate of the nation depended upon them. Some of them have at times been so led away by Cromwellian zeal as to assist in overthrowing governments and making new rulers. Such an exploit is termed a revolution. The commonwealth is frequently agitated by those popular ebullitions which, but for their brevity, would more often be attended by direful consequences. One of rather recent occurrence eventuated in the slaughter of two mules, and caused the untimely demise of a poor starved old crone who ventured from home to buy food and was struck by a random shot. It requires some art to manufacture a revolution in Mexico. Don Somebody being in funds, gives a banquet and makes an inflammatory speech. The crowd becoming highly indignant at the mal-administration of the laws, and the non-appointment of their host to lucrative office, immediately proceed to depose Don Somebody-else. True it is that the regular chief-magistrate in the morning feigns ignorance of the fact that three revolutions have taken place while he has been asleep; and he heeds not that the chair of state has been so disturbed that its oscillations have scarcely stopped with the dawn when the police awoke. True it is, scornfully as the President may treat the whole narration, that he had been deposed by some fellow with a name as long as his arms; that the deposer, the *de facto* President, has been in his turn deposed; and that the deposer of the first deposer has been deposed and put into the prison of La Acordada, and the original powers restored. The ingrate at the head of government may treat the matter with bitter irony; but that does not alter the

truth a whit. The principal partisans may have been thrust into the jug for disturbing the public peace, and the grand out-burst of popular sentiment may have been contemptuously treated as a brawl: nevertheless, it was a revolution, and a faithful historian should not be deterred from recording the deeds of the people for the admiration and benefit of posterity.

From the difficulty of always distinguishing the poor wretch known as a *lèpèro* from those a grade higher in the scale of mendicancy, it is better to treat all the jolly beggars as one class. They have a community of interests, inasmuch as each deems himself entitled to all that he can lay his hand on. The reins of the national government are, by the force of circumstances, beyond their control; yet this clamorous democracy maintain an acknowledged head, an *imperium in imperio*, for their social government.

Some demagogue or other rises on the billows of popular tumult, and once in power, he sways a sceptre of almost regal potency, using the mob as 'a harp of a thousand strings' for him to play upon at pleasure. Under the leader are many grades; and they have a social police acting in direct opposition to that of society. Although by far the greater number of the rascals continue to use the only means of locomotion that nature has given them, or the wooden substitutes bestowed as the reward of military services, still there are many exceptions to the rule. The thrifter who have made successful hits on the high-way, or have obtained generous loans from total strangers, make their morning-calls upon horse-back, and by that economy of time and labor, these favored gentry are enabled to spend their afternoons in the *pulquerias*, or low grog-shops, whence, refreshed, they are ready to sally forth in the prosecution of their nocturnal pursuits. As for the lordly personage who assumed the dictatorship, his authority and consequence would rapidly wane, were he to demean himself by pedestrianism. Even his studied imitation of the costume and manners of fashionable society, his thread-bare cloak folded so as to give the idea that he has a shirt under it, his spurs weighing nearly a pound-and-a-half, like small-sized wind-mills, which make a clattering music as he ambles along, all those minor accessories could not prop up his precarious dignity, were he to walk while on his thieving or begging excursions. We had heard of beggars on horse-back before that time, but had not seen them; and we can testify that when so mounted it did seem that they were fulfilling the adage, and were riding just where that said a beggar on horse-back would ride.

It must not be inferred that these people are rude in manner or vulgar in conversation, like our abandoned classes are in large cities. Genteel breeding has its warm advocates among them, and their education in refinement and politeness make them far more tolerable than they otherwise would be. Fancy two of them meeting in the street. Their shabby gentility of dress, so jauntily worn, and the cavalier grace with which they remove cigaritos with thumb and fore-finger, and the extreme graciousness of salutes, sometimes stagger the belief of strangers, who may be pardoned for supposing, through the medium of eyes and nose, that they are really decayed gentlemen. Habits of youth seem to

be fixed upon them unchangeably and unchanged. Their sonorous appellations and salutations come sweeping like the tornado over a forest, varying in tone like a full peal of bells, and turn to a dirge-like intonation, nay, sometimes attain a melancholy profundity, as if brooding over the memory of woful decadence. My friend May, of the Ninth, could imitate them in the most laughable style.

‘Don Pedro Fernandez de Frias y Miraflores ! I greet you on this blessed occasion, and earnestly pray that your health be unsurpassed.’ The speaker has thrown back the rusty relic of traditional gentility from his shoulders, and with a mixture of obsequiousness and dignity, bends his body and raises his hand.

‘May *Neustra Señora de Guadalupe* reward you, most excellent Señor, for such solicitude !’ returns the other caballero with no less gravity. ‘No one can experience a higher gratification than does your humble servant at beholding his esteemed friend Don José Maria Torrelblanco de Tordesillas in the enjoyment of good health.

Ere the caballeros wend their way about their business, as slowly and majestically as the old grandees of Spain, they mutually express a hope of again meeting in the enjoyment of such inestimable blessings as health and segars. Their desires savor neither of presumption nor improbability, for in the natural course of events they may meet half-a-dozen times a day with both the one and the other.

The holy virgin invoked by the first speaker, is the patron-saint of the city of Mexico, having attained that position by displacing Tonantzeire, the Mexican Ceres, and yet she holds not undisputed sway, for *Neustra Señora de los Remedios*, whose shrine is in a quarter some leagues from the city, has her ardent votaries. When Cortes and his men had nearly all life beaten out of them by the doings of La Noche Triste, it was necessary to do something to revive the drooping spirits of the soldier. The leader found a small alabaster doll about eight inches high in the knapsack of one of his men, and then he published the announcement that the Virgin Mary had sent down her image. The nose was broken and one eye was gone ; but the devout Spaniards, looking at it with a single eye of faith, thought the wonder all the greater, that such an object could perform miracles. For three centuries have candles burned before her altar, to light up her wardrobe worth a million of dollars. Such is a short history of one of the above-mentioned saints, and — not to be invidious — I do not remember which. Among my curiosities are several ribbons on which are printed the names of both of those saints ; and as a blessing is annexed to each of the pious emblems, I shall take good care of them. Having disposed of the objects of worship, now we will return to their worshippers.

If it be necessary to overhaul a stray traveller, they throw an air of suavity into the performance that takes away much of the offensiveness of the act itself, and appeals to the better feelings of the victim. Listen to them :

‘A thousand pardons, Señor, but pressing demands compel me to solicit a small loan from you. May I trouble you for your watch and jewelry ?’ As if by the merest accident, the robber displays the hilt of a long knife, the effect of which is not lost upon the other, who wincingly replies :

‘Since you desire a loan, Señor, I most cheerfully accord you the same. Here are my jewels and watch. Now, allow me to say to you, *Buenas Dias.*’

‘Excuse me, most gracious Señor,’ says the robber; ‘I stupidly neglected to mention your purse.’

‘Nearly empty, my friend; hardly enough left to purchase the remission of my numerous sins of the past year.’

‘Then, generous Señor, I will not impose upon a liberal spirit by depriving you of what you so much require: begging, however, that you will remember the failings of your benefactor and friend, and say a few prayers for me. The benisons of all the saints go with you for such profuse liberality.’

They seldom attempted to rob any of our soldiers, knowing well that they would make day-light shine through any yellow-skin on the least advance; and as the Americans were always armed, and at night generally took the middle of the street, particularly when their sight was dimmed by too much attention to the cup, the *lepèros*, ‘greasers,’ or *ladrones*, rarely gained much from them.

The common people have property qualifications for the respectability of the thing, although the same is not always available. In proportion as the smiles of fortune alight upon their respective houses, they maintain a show of worldly welfare. Some of them even own real estate; but that is of such a kind that the more a man owns the poorer he is; for the soil requires tillage, which the rogues cannot find it in their hearts to do, for fear of losing caste. The taxes of government become due, but no bailiff can be found who has the temerity to make a bag and sale of the valuables of these outcasts. Horses for the more wealthy, and dogs for all the remainder, constitute their principal live stock; and miserable indeed must be the condition of the *lepèro* who does not keep at least one of the canine species, while the crowds of mongrels that infest the suburbs and make night hideous with their noises, indicate that no one has cause to complain of a scarcity of such wealth. The disputed ownership of these latter animals is sometimes sufficient to involve a whole neighborhood in an impromptu civil war, and not unfrequently to plunge a family into mourning. A couple of us were one evening returning through a narrow street to our quarters on the outskirts of the city, when the screams of women and the loud language of men invited our attention to a gathering of people. Behold the scene!

Two sturdy fellows uncover and draw their knives. Each holds his thick *sombrero* in his left hand as a shield to parry the thrusts of his adversary. They are as motionless as tigers about to spring upon their prey, and glare wildly upon each other. A ring forms around the combatants, and speculation is rife as to the fall or deliverance of the respective champions. The interest has become so intense that some of the crowd let the fire of their cigaritos die out, and the more remote in the crowd tread upon the heels of those before them, in their anxiety to see all the transaction. Presently a stroke is made, but the assailed has turned the glittering edge aside. The crowd hold their breath as they catch the sparkling fires of ferocious jealousy that dart from the dark eyes of the combatants. Now one makes a feint, but it is unsuccessful,

for the other thrusts his broad-leaved hat into his face, makes a quick stroke, and then coolly wipes his crimsoned blade in the corner of his *serope*. Holy Virgin ! how well that was done. A looker-on, probably a relative, flies off to bring the nearest monk or priest to shrine the dying man ; while the victorious gladiator stalks off about his business, out of the track of the police. In a few hours all but the immediate friends will have ceased to think of the occurrence, or will speak lightly of it as a mere matter of course, a chance medley of no particular importance. We did not feel disposed to interfere after the harm was done, for it was over too soon to enable us to draw our swords upon the mob ; and we had some objection to meeting a similar fate by inter-meddling. Those people eat too much peppers, which fires up their blood on most trivial occasions. A sturdy beggar had enticed the affections of a scraggy cur from its rightful master. The latter, deeply incensed, made use of opprobrious epithets, touching the honor of his rival. Rash were the words, because they were addressed to one who unhappily was over-strung in a sense of dignity, and who longed for the flow of hot blood. The dog-larceny may have been but a pretext to cloak the real cause of the fray. I give the story as it was told to us on the spot.

In the tinkling and thrumming of guitars, the echoes of madrigals and canzonets and sarabands, and the drawling out of ballads, we soon forgot the tragedy.

W. H. BROWNE.

'STOOP TO RISE : ' AN INCIDENT.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE has alarmed and horrified the whole European world. She had the *gaucherie*, upon a court-occasion, to stoop and pick up a diamond which had fallen from her diadem !

I.

We love the beautiful parvenu Queen,
Who could stoop 'mid the pomp of a courtly scene
To gather a gem, the gift of France,
From her diadem shed by an adverse chance :
At her feet it lay like a crystallized tear,
A dew-drop cougealed from its starry sphere,
And like the star on the lonely height,
Seemed a broken heart with a cheerful light.'

II.

Should she trample it down with the Corsican pride,
Whose roots in the soil spread deep and wide ?
Ah ! no ; may the Empress ever forget her rank,
To raise the fallen with impulse as frank.
And should such be the fate of her living gem,
Like Bourbon Lily cleft from its stem,
Oh ! then may France with as gentle hand,
Raise JOSEPHINE'S child for their sunny land.

GUIDE.

C H A R I T Y .

THOU who by thy fireside sitting,
Hear'st without the winter-storm,
Which but makes thy heart more cheerful,
And thy home more bright and warm :

Think of those who have no fireside,
Of those homeless, friendless ones,
Whom though all forsake and shun them,
Yet the winter-storm ne'er shuns.

For the storm-fiend hath no pity
Even for the babe just born ;
And his blast he never tempers,
Though the lamb be closely shorn.

Thou whose bounteous board is burdened
With each luxury wealth can give,
Who hast every joy that renders
It a pleasant thing to live :

In the midst of your enjoyment,
Give, oh ! give a single thought,
To the poor whose life 's a burden,
And the hungry who have naught.

And not only just remember
That the poor are in distress,
But from out thy heart and substance
Help them in their helplessness.

For the LORD hath blessed thee greatly,
And HIS SON hath said to thee,
He who feeds and clothes the needy,
He hath done it unto ME.

When thou givest give not coldly,
As one throweth to a dog ;
But with words of cheer and kindness,
For remember, 't is to God.

Charities, when coldly given,
On the heart as coldly fall,
Like the shielding snow of winter,
Which protects yet chilleth all.

But when warmed by words of kindness,
Then thine alms refreshing fall,
Like the genial rain of summer,
Which revives and strengthens all.

Charities may in their measure,
Differ not a single grain,
Yet be like each other only
As the snow is like the rain.

Oh! the luxury of giving,
 Though it costs us but a mite,
 Yet there 's naught beneath the heavens
 That can give such pure delight.

No! not even in the heavens
 Do the saints such pleasure know,
 Only on this earth 't is given
 To relieve a brother's wo.

Then, as did the old Egyptian,
 Cast his seed upon the Nile,
 Trusting, in its proper season,
 He would see a harvest smile;

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 And if done in faith and love,
 Thou shalt reap a golden harvest
 In those fruitful fields above.

R. F. F.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

R E A L I T I E S .

THERE is one special advantage of change of position, circumstances, and fortune, which we have learned fully to appreciate — that whatever of joy or sorrow we may individually experience, teaches us the wants of others in the same condition; and if we have 'hearts to feel for others' woes,' not only awakens sympathy, but guides us as to the most acceptable way of proffering it and the most delicate means of lending aid where more than sympathy is needed. It is not possible for those who have been always rich to understand the sorrows of the poor, but it is quite as true that happiness and riches are not synonymous, and there are sufferings compared with which cold and hunger may be called blessings, and these may be endured by those who are revelling in luxury.

But I did not mean, and have no occasion to begin the chapter concerning our matrimonial felicity with moralizings of any sort. We had the ordinary experience of those who were 'never so happy in their lives,' during the little period called the 'honey-moon.' And during this period the ordinary moon contributed her share toward shedding brightness upon our path. We strolled where she alone could light us on our way, for, of course, according to the fashion of those who are rich, we made 'a tour' which took us not only to fashionable watering-places, but to rural glades by silvery streams, through sunny vales and woodland haunts.

How I enjoyed those journeyings ! Never did sky, and vale, and river, and wood, gleam, and sparkle, and glow with freshness like that which now seemed spread over every mountain, lake, and vale. I have not yet described my husband ; but not because it was impossible to paint him young and handsome, nor because I feared to exhibit one whom all the world would say : ' Surely she never married for love.'

I had married one whom I believed it possible to love, one who was many years older than myself, one respected in the world, and honored by his friends. He had lived soberly and righteously all the days of his pilgrimage, accumulated a fortune by his industry, and conformed his style of living to his means. I was a teacher, and for aught he knew, entirely dependent, when he offered me the position which the world would consider so ' advantageous and desirable,' at the head of his household.

My friends, one and all, considered it impossible that I should dream of rejecting such an offer. ' Why, he is rich,' said one. ' I would marry any body that asked me, if he was rich.' ' If you respect him you should marry him,' said another.

' I do not consider this all that is necessary,' I replied. ' The man whom I marry must be personally agreeable, as well as rich, honored, and respected. I do not wish to shrink from him, as very possibly might be the case, even though he were possessed of every mental and moral perfection.'

' Nonsense ! a woman making such a confession. That is a consideration she should blush even to think of, much less to aver. A man who is worthy, she should love, if he seeks her, and leave romance for fiction and fools.'

Alas ! that it should be possible for so few to indulge in what the ignorant and vulgar term romance. ' I am alone, I am dependent. I shall soon be old and homeless.' This is the soliloquy uttered by most women who take into consideration an offer from any source, and not what they may hope to enjoy, but what they may endure, is the balancing point in their decisions.

' Are you marrying a man you love ? ' was a question put to a maiden about to take upon herself the vows ' for better or for worse.' ' No,' she replied, ' but I shall love my children and so my heart will not be utterly void.'

But while I do not blame those who thus act in accordance with the fate which has been woman's in all ages and all climes, I should have preferred to it the dungeon or the scaffold myself. I loved my husband, and, in addition, experienced the deliverance from darkness and uncertainty—the quietus to the nameless restlessness of the heart, which every woman feels when she has the fortune to be settled in life.

But notwithstanding the knowledge I had gained in loneliness, I was in danger immediately of forgetting the duty it imposed on me.

What a powerful magnifying lens is a little trouble ! What dark shadows it throws over the past, present, and future, and how a little positive happiness will give a ' silver lining to every cloud ! ' I began to think how foolish I was, ever to have been oppressed with sadness, for-

getting how sorrow came unbidden, and remained unwelcome in spite of will and resolution. When love buoys the heart it will dance lightly under many a grievous burden, that would otherwise have crushed out even life itself.

How I enjoyed those journeyings! How entirely at ease I felt whatever accident might happen! No longer oppressed with anxiety, how airily and fairly bright fancies floated through my brain, and imagination ran riot unimpeded by 'baggage.' I had now and then a glance of compassion for those poor creatures who were obliged to take care of themselves, but was in danger of bestowing it in a way that evinced a consciousness of the superior dignity of my position. It was quite astonishing how soon I learned to say 'husband,' repeating it so loud, so often, and withal so naturally, that one would have supposed I had been actually saying it for ten years, looking around so complaisantly, to be sure I had not spent my breath in vain.

I had journeyed alone, and experienced in full the terror inspired by 'bills,' and 'tickets,' and the 'time and tide' that wait for no man. What inestimable relief the thought that now continually recurred, 'Husband will see to every thing.' With what importance was I now clothed in the eyes of the gazing multitude! I had no longer to answer that 'I was alone,' dependent on any body who was kind enough to exercise compassion; and how I wondered that I ever reached the end of my journey taking care of myself. Yet I did once feel quite strong in my self-reliance and determination to fear nothing. Strangely indeed 'circumstances alter cases,' and change the current of thought and feeling. A strange thing is the human heart; or perhaps I should say woman's heart! How indifferent to all the world beside it becomes when once the first object of love and solicitude to another; how doubly sweet to one who has felt all her life the bitterness of neglect!

But all the pleasures of journeying were as naught compared to that of 'seeing to the ways of my household.' The mistress of a home! What woman does not comprehend the length, and breadth, and depth of happiness which this conveys? It is indeed something to feel 'settled in life,' to have no longer that gnawing, restless anxiety concerning the future. We begin to compassionate those who are content with this and this alone, so deeply do we experience what this must be to a homeless woman. She might wait a life-time and not meet one who would bring to her heart the fulness of perfect love; and the more single, and pure, and holy she is, the less the probability of such a rich blessing.

So she accepts a home; it gives her an object in life, furnishes her with employment and sufficient food for thought to preserve her from the corroding effects of a void which is more destructive to health and life than any positive sorrow, and may furnish her with a love which will renew her being and make life bright.

Those who saw me enter upon my new position doubted not, as I had obtained it, that I had coveted 'an establishment;' but a house filled with luxury may also be the dwelling-place of love, and joy, and peace, and without these it is a wilderness whatever else may adorn it. What it had been under the superintendence of my predecessor I did not in-

quire, and cared not to know. I had no higher ambition than to superintend a home and make its inmates happy.

I cannot say I was quite indifferent to the whispers that buzzed around me as I entered the church 'with all my blushing honors thick upon me.' I could not help realizing how vastly my importance had increased with my new title. I was Mrs. — Mrs. Watkins, and must be more than mortal not to feel my head whirl a little in looking down from the dizzy height. I did not array myself in a bridal dress that would render more conspicuous the disparity between myself and husband, as if the snows of winter and the roses of summer had concluded to walk side by side; yet in every direction I heard it whispered as I walked up the aisle: 'That is the bride.' And as I took my seat at the head of the pew, the sixth from the pulpit, I was conscious of the gaze of the multitude who endeavored to divine the character of one who had been so suddenly exalted. I could not help the self-gratulation that I was now a lady of position.

Aunt Ida was installed into the domestic office of 'seeing to things,' and fretted more during the first three weeks of her new majestacy than I had known her to do in all the time of our acquaintance, for she despaired of ever getting things 'fairly seen to,' or of becoming inured to the hardships and privations to which she was subject in such an establishment. 'City-help' and city milk were a terrible trial to her equanimity. She had never seen biscuit made in her life without cream. She could not make them rise, and the Johnny-cakes were as heavy as lead; and 'No wonder,' she exclaimed, 'mixed with such milk-and-water stuff.' She had never passed a Sunday morning without the steaming brown loaf, proportioned by a 'thing full of Indian, a thing full of rye, and a thing full of wheat-bran,' mixed up with 'night's milk skimmed next morning;' but now she was obliged to dispense with this luxury altogether. No ingredients she could procure could be moulded into the right consistency, or come out of the oven with the genuine brown or good country taste.

She saw to every thing herself. Yet the best she could do, the vegetables all had a 'dish-watery taste,' and 'how could any body venture to eat beef without knowing whether it was fattened on fresh corn-meal and boiled mealy potatoes and pumpkins?' Poor Aunt Ida, I did not dare to tell her where the cows and sheep very probably acquired their title to 'fine condition,' or enlighten her as to the adulterated nature of half the things she might be called upon to eat.

She was indefatigable in her efforts, and though it took some time, she did at length succeed in teaching Irish servants 'to put things to rights,' and keep store-room, kitchen, and pantry in the 'apple-pie order,' which she considered necessary to 'any thing like comfort.' What a ransacking there was from attic to cellar, marking of linen, labelling of boxes, bags, and bundles, 'so that there should be no excuse for not knowing where things were and keeping them in their places.'

Very resigned the good lady grew at last, and quite happy in her city home, where she wielded the baton of authority as supreme as in the cottage, though she ruled over beings and affairs in some respects so different. Her most serious trouble was with the 'beaux,' which

every evening filled the servant's parlor. She thought it was 'greatly out of character' for them to be 'sitting up every night with nobody knew who or what.'

'Did you never have beaux, Aunt Ida, when you were young?' I asked by way of exculpation. 'You must at least have had one, and I presume you were not married without some preliminaries, which you probably settled on some old-fashioned settee, alone together — you and your lover.'

'But what have they to do with getting married, poor, miserable creatures, with no homes, and nothing to look to?'

'They have hearts the same as you and I — warm, loving hearts, without which they would be brutes. As for homes, if they waited for one which you would call comfortable, and 'something to look to,' they would never be married, most probably.'

'Never, to be sure, and I think it would be as well; there would not then be so many poor starving creatures begging through the streets.'

'I am not sure but there would be more, and in a more starving and miserable condition. Those who think they are wise above God and Nature and attempt to improve upon His laws, do not insure a better state of society, or a more virtuous community. I have provided a light and pleasant room where the servants may receive their company respectably, and where I wish them to receive it openly, as something proper and freely allowed, so I shall have to beg you not to interfere with such an arrangement. Those who have toiled all day must have some relaxation, and those who are ignorant are the most dependent upon social intercourse. Nature will not be restrained. If her demands are not openly and properly granted, there will be secret plots and machinations.'

Aunt Ida was not given to arguing, and when our conferences developed some new idea, she settled into quiet contemplation, and by 'pondering these things in her mind,' finally came to believe and acquiesce.

That 'there should be no sitting up nights,' was my opinion as well as hers, and by granting what was reasonable we soon had no trouble with unreasonable demands.

My husband's first wife's sister did not approve of second marriages. 'Second wives do twist their husbands round so.' 'It was strange how men could be led by the nose and think all the time they were having their own way, by some women.' This good lady was a pale, cadaverous-looking woman, who in her youth had been remarkably handsome, with a beauty that on its departure left her remarkably homely. Nervous head-aches and indigestion had made terrible devastation with the plump form which she once boasted, and the unceasing fretfulness with which she bore them, had as fatally destroyed any evidence, if it ever existed, of cheerfulness or good humor. Her husband being a right jolly man, a good liver, and taking the world easy, was still youthful in appearance and blithe of spirit, which made an unfavorable contrast, though it did not seem to trouble him as it did her. Aunt Ida thought if he should ever be subjected to the 'twisting process' so much dreaded

by his loving spouse, he might get a more favorable opinion of women, for he concluded from the examples constantly before him, that they were a bundle of ills and ails, doing little else than filling the world with repinings.

This vigilant 'Inspector' of my internal affairs, lived 'next door,' so that to cross the back-yard and enter the gate, which was only a step or two, brought her to my door, the consequence of which was that I was never secure of an hour without intrusion. The privacy of my dressing-room was invaded at any hour without scruple; every drawer and box and basket examined with the curious inquisition of one who was searching for some proof that would justify the execution of a writ or the signing of a death-warrant. To have remonstrated would have incurred the open and relentless enmity of not one only, but a whole nest of relations, who were scarcely endurable as friends, and would have persecuted me even unto death as enemies. I therefore smiled graciously while enduring what seemed to me like the tortures of the rack from my tormentors, who were neighborly to a degree which convinced Aunt Ida that 'to run in without ceremony' was by no means the prerogative of people living in cottages among green hills, and smiling valleys.

'Never did I see such impudence,' she would exclaim, 'such ill-breeding, never anywhere did I see such a set of vulgar people. I would as soon live among heathen or cannibals.'

'I think about the same, dear woman, but there is no help for it. They have never been educated in the first principles of politeness or delicacy, and nature denied them the perceptions which never need educating in order that a person may know propriety and be in no danger of intrusion.'

'But they have lived always in the city, and surely might have learned something before this time. How can they help knowing better than to be meddling all the time with other people's affairs, giving advice unasked, and finding fault with all you do?'

'They do know better than this. Their meddlesomeness is the result of malice rather than ignorance. But nothing would please them more than to witness our resentment, and a family-quarrel would thoroughly satisfy their love of gossip. So a truce to all rebellious manifestations: a family-quarrel is, to my ideas, the height and depth of vulgarity, to avoid which I prefer any amount of endurance. We will endeavor to be always prepared for the reception of the vigilance committee, and 'maintain our souls in patience,' whatever the ordeal by which we are tried.'

This was unnecessary advice to the good lady, who had no warlike propensities, but sat meekly and silently sewing during any amount of rummaging, as if she supposed it a duty we, as inferiors, owed to those who were city-born and city-bred, though I could always tell the state of her mind by the increased earnestness with which she devoted herself to her labor when annoyed almost to the point of remonstrance. She would sometimes revert to the quiet days in the cottage, though not in a tone that indicated repining, or that she thought I had reason to regret not heeding her advice. Her perceptions were too delicate to allow

her to remind one of fatal mistakes, if she really considered they had been made, and her love for me would have prompted her to relieve, rather than increase, any species of sorrow.

My husband, like all men, could not understand the weight or importance of little trials, and answered, 'La ! it is n't worth minding,' to a relation in which I might indulge concerning my *menage*. He was decidedly a quiet man and a lover of peace, without great depth of intellect or feeling, but indulgent to excess. If he came home and found his house always in order, and the rooms in which he wished to sit or stroll, quiet, he was satisfied, finding no fault, and exercising over me no control, with regard to matters within the province of my authority, taste, or judgment. I was a wife but not a slave. When I had become familiar with his tastes it was not difficult to please him, and if by misfortune there was a jar, as there will ever be now and then in all households, I did not tremble at the sound of his foot-steps, or feel driven to artifice and *manœuvring* to blind him to calamity. If I were in pain or trouble he could pity me, though it was evident that he would much rather I would not be in pain or trouble, as it disturbed the order of things, and was in many respects disagreeable. I loved him for he was lovable, and gratitude often being the foundation of the strongest attachments, I could scarcely help feeling slowly and surely grow up in my heart a species of idolatry for one who loved me and surrounded me, as far as lay in his power, with all that could promote my comfort and happiness.

I have not yet alluded to the element in my position, which is usually considered first, and sure to be conducive to misery. I was a step-mother. What legions of evil spirits awake at the name ! and who does not tremble at the thought of the responsibility it implies ? I soon found that I was not to be exempt from the ordinary trials of those who assume the guardianship of 'other people's children,' as Aunt Ida had expressed it.

I found confided to my care two young girls of the ages of twelve and fourteen, already old in those airs which city-life is almost sure to confer, having been indulged in more than womanly idleness, and left to form habits which are not necessary even to those who wish to languish in uselessness and live like the tenants of Eastern harems.

My first observations filled me with evil forebodings, and struck terror to my heart. What was to be done with those who seemed to have grown up without ever thinking of others, except with reference to their convenience, who looked upon servants as slaves with scarcely human feeling, and commanded them to come and go as if weariness could never be to them the consequence of labor. They came in from shopping 'almost dead,' having seen such 'loves of ribbons,' and 'killing hats,' 'such sweet new styles for robes,' and 'O such splendid shawls !' and 'so cheap,' and, throwing themselves on a sofa, rang for a waiting-maid to pick up and fold any article which was carelessly dropped upon carpet, sofa, or chair, as most convenient.

Then lunch was ordered up three flights of stairs, to be carried by a poor creature who was weary with her daily routine of duties, but was kept running this way and that for an hour, till the misses wished to be

quiet and sleep away their fatigue, which required till it was time to 'dress for dinner.' During this process we learned the full import of 'confusion worse confounded,' as the wardrobes of two or three different rooms were put in requisition, the services of two dressing-maids, and such an amount of fretting and fault-finding as ought to have sufficed for a year, under positive aggravation. Neither gloves, stocking nor any other article could be found without a regular hunt, for having no appointed place, they could not deposit themselves anywhere in particular: first one dress was put on and than another, till half-a-dozen were strewn over bed and floor, and ribbons, laces, and jewelry made up the medley. But when they were dressed they looked as 'neat as wax,' and entered the parlor as 'smiling as a May morning.' What indeed was to be done to bring order out of such confusion? Aunt Ida said the neighbors were right, 'that I should have a time of it, surely, when I got to be step-mother,' though one could not help being amused at her consternation as she looked on.

'Not by reproof,' I said, 'or by making any sudden revolution, is the reform to be made; we must first gain their confidence and love, and patiently and quietly let them see the better way by example.'

Kind and judicious friends had impressed it upon their minds that a step-mother could be nothing less than a 'blue-beard,' and they had made up their minds to immediate and uncompromising rebellion. When they learned they had nothing against which to rebel, they subsided into respectful deference in their deportment, and in time were ready to listen to suggestions. Tact is a much more potent instrument of discipline than authority, and love will subdue a heart which commands could never reach. One who looked in upon them three years afterward would not have recognized either them or their surroundings.

Madeline, the youngest, was a demure little body, very far from pretty, with a constitutional predisposition to melancholy, which had given to her face an expression so conformed to melancholy, that one would think she had experienced the woes of half-a-century. Her natural diffidence constrained her manners to an awkwardness which was painful, and which there was little hope of being overcome, because, as is often the case, it was the result of vanity and love of applause. She could not cross a room with ease in presence of company because she was flattered by the consciousness that every eye was upon her. Jealousy and envy, too, were conspicuous traits in her character, but there was also in great proportion the element of conscientiousness, and as she developed an earnest effort to eradicate the evil and cultivate the good, was so far successful that she was universally beloved, and considered remarkably free from the very traits against which she was obliged most perseveringly to struggle. She could never learn to perform manual labor quickly like her sister, though receiving the same amount of instruction. She was much longer in learning to see dust and notice disorder. Her drawers and boxes never came up to Aunt Ida's standard, and she continually 'wondered and wondered how there could be such a difference between two persons born and brought up exactly alike!'

They must necessarily be impressed with the idea that labor was de-

grading, when they saw it performed only by the degraded, and in no other way could they learn to appreciate the services of those whom necessity obliges to 'earn their bread by the sweat of their brow,' than by actual experience of the drudgery of toil. It was presented them in a way to seem an adventure, that in order to make easy a charge of servants in the persons of cook and chamber-maid, they should take their places and preside *de facto* over baking, boiling, and stewing, washing, scrubbing, and dusting.

It was at first a cruel process for their delicate hands, to be burnt and parboiled, for the pale blue of those slender fingers to be turned a dingy brown by the merciless suds, and the rosy-tinted palms and tips to be made callous by constant pressure and friction against brooms and dusters; but they soon became expert and accomplished in their several departments, and found that instead of being degraded they were in reality elevated by this new species of knowledge. A lady has not arrived at the true dignity of her title who is not able to treat with delicacy and consideration those lower than, and in inferior positions to, herself, who does not know how to blend dignity with affability, and save from the feeling of humiliation those who are in danger of becoming servile by a life of servitude.

Mary and Madeline soon skipped as merrily in the morning-cap and checked apron to the music of culinary and household utensils, as they had ever done to the music of the harp in the evening dance. They learned to value Aunt Ida as a true friend and counsellor, instead of looking upon her as a 'prosy country-lady,' who could not understand their position and appreciate its peculiarities; and by their respectful manner and friendly consultations greatly increased her happiness. When servants were again installed in their several offices, there was no more commanding, and no looks of contempt as they fulfilled their duties, no exacting or heartless tyranny, and the smiles were no longer a street and parlor ornament, but diffused their sunshine through the house.

Mary's versatility was like magic in whatever she undertook. They were both termed good scholars by their teachers, both intellectual and intelligent; but Mary did not like quite so well to trace the labyrinths of abstractions. She would not make labor of either toil or study, and while she laughed wildly over the misfortunes her ignorance or carelessness occasioned, her less volatile sister would weep in despair. If the dinner was spoiled she had no idea of suffering martyrdom in the cause of ducks and turkeys, but constituted herself the heroine of a scene in which the comic and tragic were so amusingly combined that neither cynic nor epicure could mourn the occasion. I could not help loving her best, thought her thoughtlessness gave me more anxious hours than the less conspicuous faults of her sister. She could never learn caution, and as she mingled with the world the deficiency of this phrenological development continually brought upon her false accusations, for the natural misconstruction of words and acts, perfectly innocent in themselves, and which proceeded from no evil in her heart. But I will leave her character to be understood as it develops in the story.

T r a v e l .

WRITTEN BY H. P. L., ON THE TOP OF A HAT, WITH A BRICK IN IT, IN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES BY A
STOP-WATCH.

RAIL-ROADS, steam-boats, stages, wagons;
Iron horsea, snorting dragons:
Side-wheel ducks with heads of steam on,
Four-horse drags unfit to dream on:
One-horse teams! at these do n't cavil,
What's the odds? — WE 're bound to travel.

II.

Down the grand, broad MISSISSIPPI!
Go 'way small streams, this will whip ye:
Bluffs and sand-bars, snags and sawyers,
You 're, for steam-boats, sad destroyers.
BIG-OLD STRONG! your praise I give ill,
Never mind, WE 're bound to travel.

III.

Foam and mist and spray and thunder!
Go 'way Europe, stand from under!
Here's NIAGARA, our own roarer,
Of all other Falls the floorer!
Come here, cockneys, and be civil,
Come and learn the way WE travel.

IV.

In the rail-road o'er the prairie,
Fast we fly, light-winged and airy:
Whirr! up fly the prairie-chickens,
Whish! the deer run like the dickens.
Come here, cockneys, and be civil,
Come and learn the way WE travel.

V.

Flying sparks and dust and cinders,
Coming in at doors and windows:
Bad hotels, and awful eating,
Rum hack-drivers, death on cheating;
Clothes begrimed with grit and gravel,
This is what WE catch, who travel.

VI.

Mountains, valleys, hills, and rivers,
Each one to the landscape givers,
Granite-hills and rocks, we greet ye!
Valleys, rivers, glad to meet ye!
Each and all these words unravel,
'Hurrah, rip! it 's good to travel!'

T H E B L O O D Y R U N .

Among the objects of interest at Niagara there is none more worthy of note than that portion of the river called the Bloody Run, about a mile below the Whirlpool. Perpendicular rocks of nearly two hundred feet in height inclose it in a narrow channel, through which the river rushes furiously along, piling up through the force of the current, and the accumulation of the water above, some seven or eight feet in the middle higher than upon the sides. During the old French war, a detachment of the British army retreating from Fort Schlosser, about five miles south, were decoyed into an ambush of French and Indians at this spot, and men, women, and children, in all three hundred souls, with their baggage, artillery, etc., were thrown into the chasm below, notwithstanding a brave defence. But two escaped — one, a drummer, concealed himself in the branches of a friendly tree during the confusion attending a night attack. The other, a man named STEDMAN, after fighting with desperate courage, cut his way through the thickest of the enemies' ranks, and trusting to the fleetness of his horse, made good his escape. After peace was concluded, the Indians believing this man to be under the especial protection of the GREAT SPIRIT, and struck with admiration at the valor he displayed, gave him all the land he had encircled in his fight, extending from Fort Schlosser to the scene of his exploit, including the Falls themselves.

I.

'We have upheld our country's flag, sustained our country's fame,
Have made these distant valleys ring to Britain's glorious name:
We have thus far repelled a force that far excelled our own,
Have Gallic arts and Indian wiles by valor overthrown:
But now, alas! we have no hope of succor from without,
Our walls are weak, our strength is spent, and though our hearts are stout,
Yet while we can let us retreat with all the rights of war,
With banners flying, arms in rest, with military store.'

II.

Thus spake the chief of Schlosser's fort, unto the gallant band,
Which had so long, without a word, obeyed that chief's command.
They fought for life and glory too, without one thought of fear,
Except for those these noble men than life held far more dear:
The women and the children there had fired each soldier's heart,
Had steeled his soul, and nerved his arm to act such noble part:
And now they march with saddened look, with slow and measured tramp,
Along Niagara's rocky banks, toward the British camp.

III.

Two hundred feet beneath, the furious river flowed,
Its angry waters seethe and swell within their narrow road:
The bravest tremble and turn pale at thought of falling there,
There are none so reckless but who tread upon the brink with care:
When sudden on the front and flank the Indian slogan rose,
The French war-cry and murderous shots reveal their treacherous foes;
And though they charge at once with zeal, and make no slight attack,
By numbers they were slowly pressed, each minute, further back.

IV.

In vain they fought each inch of ground, nor even wasted breath
To ask for quarter from a foe who granted none but death:
At last the women's shrieks proclaim the victims first to fall,
The children next, and then the men; full fifteen score in all,
Without regard to sex or age were hurled in the abyss:
Was ever warfare known as base, or carnage foul as this?
Long shall the memory of the spot where this dark deed was done,
Be known as the fatal scene of the famous 'Bloody Run.'

V.

But two escaped to tell the tale : one lay all night concealed
 Within the branches of a tree, by darkness unrevealed ;
 The other fought full well I trow, until his chief was slain ;
 But when to force him o'er the edge, upon his horse's rein
 Fell hands were laid, he smote them down, his bloody spur then plies,
 And charging through their densest ranks in safety from them flies.
 The Indians gave him all the land encircled in his flight,
 His courage shone so proudly forth upon that dreadful night.

D. W. C. J.

Ringview, Dec. 6th.

E L L A S - L A N D .

NUMBER TWELVE.

THE Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-road is, among us, the theme of earnest debate. Ellas-land without this road is one thing : Ellas-land with the road is another and different thing. We speak of it as a road. At present it is only a project. The only part of the matter truly accomplished is the formation of a company to make the road surveys, which prove that there is ground enough to build a road upon, and acres of land convenient for depots. Yonder on the map are China, Japan, and numerous islands : yonder, also, the Atlantic coast, the Atlantic itself, London, Paris. In this balloon we go up. We see cars thundering along laden with riches of the Orient ; dropping morning-papers yet moist from printing-presses of the Pacific cities : travellers of all tongues, multitudes like which the populous north poured never from her frozen loins. In the great chancery of the imagination we consider that to be done which ought to be done. We speak of the way things were before the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-road. We count upon it as a present fact. Acres at Ellas-land in price have jumped upward a pretty figure.

Soon after the return of Mr. Heminway's surveying party, editorial notices of the following purport appeared in our daily papers :

'GENEROUS PROPOSITION. — Recent surveys having demonstrated the feasibility of a location of the Principal Depot of the Grand Trunk I. O. R. R. for this city on land owned by the wealthy Mr. HEMINWAY, that prince of noble souls, and wishing, as he says, not to add to his present ample fortune, he proposes, in case the depot shall be located there, to give the proceeds of ten acres of the ground at whatever price, say one hundred thousand dollars, for an orphans' college ; on the single condition that an equal sum shall be raised by subscription from other sources. The college to be under the control of that religious denomination, being Protestant, which shall contribute the largest amount toward the sum named. All that remains to secure this magnificent bequest, is for ten gentlemen to step forward and subscribe ten

thousand dollars each ; or in consideration of tightness of the times, say twenty gentlemen, for five thousand dollars each ; or if need be, one hundred gentlemen for one thousand dollars each. The college will be erected on the ground, just back of the city, owned by Mr. Heminway, known as the — tract, admirably adapted for an educational suburb ; a sufficient quantity of which will be sold by Mr. H. for a merely nominal sum. The name of the institution is not yet fixed.'

'Thus we have added to the auspices of the city already the Queen of the Valley, a Rail-road, which places us on the world's chief highway, and a magnificent college, commencing with an endowment of two hundred thousand dollars. The intention is understood to be to organize a corps of professors, composed of young gentlemen, with talents and ambition to take the same relative rank with their generation, which Humboldt and Agassiz take in their respective generations. Our beautiful city will thus be crowned with the signal honor of presenting to the American continent a focus of literature and philosophy, rendering our society a charming combination of the graces of art, the abstractions of science, and the vivacious energy of practical life.'

The meeting of citizens called to hear the result of Mr. Heminway's explorations was largely attended and full of expectation. The engineer was called upon to report. He exhibited a hasty map of the route which he had last explored, declared it to be entirely feasible, and in summing up the estimated cost, he made the aggregate some two hundred thousand dollars smaller than the previous route.

Mr. Heminway arose. He hoped the recent survey would reconcile the interests of all parties. There was one consideration which compensated him for his own fatigues. His friend, Mr. Blodget would not now be compelled to desecrate the ground selected for a family mansion to the purposes of commerce. True, these things might appear too personal and inferior to be thought of, but in the commencement of a great enterprise, the feelings of its friends might be fairly taken into account. When a man feels right he is right, and Mr. Blodget would be acknowledged on all hands to be deserving of their best regards. There was perhaps no individual whose influence and experience was more valuable than Mr. Blodget's. His own early travels through that country had never been supposed by him to be destined to trace the route of the commerce of Asia ; but it was his good fortune to be able to contribute a mite to the stock of knowledge. The report of the engineer seemed to place the matter on granite foundations. It was as solid as a rock. That was no mistake this time.

'WAFT, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.'

Mr. Heminway resumed his seat amid storms of laughter and applause. His arrangements had resulted in appearances of public favor and success. Perhaps his manner indicated too much the shadow of a shade, too much of the elation of personal triumph.

Mr. Blodget was very cool and demure. He wished to make an inquiry or two. But before doing so, he wished to acknowledge the

friendly and handsome terms used by his friend Mr. Heminway, and to express his high gratification at the *apparent* results of the survey : he used the word *apparent*, because, in computing distances and expense, many things were to be considered. The curves and grades of a road were matters beginning to attract great attention among men of experience. A few thousands of dollars saved in first cost by an increase of grade or curvature, was found to be not a real saving. The increased expense and risk of running a road, especially a road of the importance of this road, might easily run up to a greater sum per annum than the interest on two hundred thousand dollars. He did not say or believe it would be so here, for he must acknowledge that he was pleased with the report. He would like to put a question to the engineer. Were the grades and curves on this line the same they were on the line first reported ?

Engineer. 'No, Sir, not exactly the same : the difference consists chiefly in ——'

Mr. Blodget. 'That was my impression. They are not the same. The precise difference and its value, is of course a question of detail. He would ask if that difference had been carefully computed ?'

Engineer. 'It had not, but the two routes could be soon compared and ——'

Mr. Blodget. 'That is very true. They can be compared ; but for the present the result of the comparison is not before us. We will take time to look at that. Suppose either route to be more risky than the other, say for instance, that on either route one engine per annum is broken by reason of grade or curvature. Here is a single item that runs up to simple interest on two hundred thousand dollars. But perhaps other property would also be lost, and human life endangered.'

Mr. Heminway. 'Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him ? Suppose it should turn out that the last route is better in those particulars than the other ?'

Mr. Blodget. 'I am sure we ought to hope it may ; but what I say is, we do not know which is best, and until we know, of course we cannot settle so grave a question.'

Here General Cleaver was discovered standing in an attitude to speak, looking red in the face, and endeavoring to assure himself. The attention of the meeting was soon concentrated upon him in expectation. He made a few gestures, muttered a word or two, which nobody understood, and in great vexation of spirit sat down. Mr. Blodget was about to proceed with some further remarks, when General Cleaver, apparently regaining his self-possession as he reached his seat, audibly and distinctly, and with no small chagrin, pronounced the following short oration :

'Damn it !'

It is wonderful what a great fire sometimes a little matter kindleth. General Cleaver's explosion brought down the house with an uproar of sympathy and frolic ; during which the General again got upon his feet. Perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, and rolled in large drops down his cheeks.

'I want to know,' said he. 'I should like to find out. It is time, I should think. Mr. Chairman! What is this road to cost?'

Mr. Blodget. 'Does General Cleaver mean the cost of the road prepared for the superstructure or entirely finished, with depots and rolling stock?'

Gen. Cleaver. 'I mean tee-totally done for: the last shovel-full dug; the last spike driv; every thing, all, tip-top done, ready to let on the whistle; all fixed to let her rip!'

Mr. Blodget said he presumed the engineer could explain the matter. The engineer said that no very exact estimate could yet be made. If they did not have to make a tunnel under certain hills, nor bridge certain rivers, he estimated the expense of grading the road, all ready for superstructure at ten millions, one hundred and thirty-seven dollars, and eleven cents. The superstructure and rolling stock could be supplied at the same figures; making in all twenty millions, two hundred and seventy-four dollars, twenty-two cents.

General Cleaver then asked where this money was to be got?

Mr. Blodget said there were already five hundred thousand dollars of stock subscribed, payable in cash, and rights of way, at cash valuations. And that, he said, brought him to the point he had intended to mention; which was, that the people on all the contemplated lines should have a fair chance to compete for it. If you decide to locate the road to begin with, you will get no more subscriptions, and will have to pay double price for right of way. If well managed, we will obtain one to two millions of dollars of stock subscribed along the line.

General Cleaver wanted to know where the other eighteen millions were to be had?

Mr. Blodget said that when the road was graded, the company could sell bonds for all the rest of the expense.

General Cleaver said that still eight millions would be wanted to complete the grading.

Mr. Blodget said he thought contractors could be found who would do the work for two millions cash, and eight millions stock, and would subscribe the other eight millions.

General Cleaver wanted to know where the contractors would get the money?

Mr. Blodget could not undertake to pry into people's private affairs, but contractors could be found who were understood to have good backing.

General Cleaver said he was fresh in this kind of business, but in case the contractors should subscribe eight millions of stock, and other folks two millions, it seemed to him that the contractors would elect the directors and president, and engineer, and control the company; so that when the two millions of real subscriptions had been used up, the contractors might stop the road.

Here Mr. Heminway interposed, and inquired of Mr. Blodget, whether with two millions subscribed in cash, or in depot grounds and rights of way, and eight millions by the contractors, to be paid in work, it might not be considered a *bona-fide* subscription of ten millions of dollars, on which to issue and sell bonds?

Mr. Blodget considered the question one which bordered on casuistry, but he was confident that as soon as it should be in their power to represent that the company had a *bona-fide* subscription of ten millions, they could issue bonds for ten millions more and sell them, which would make twenty millions. But he would beg to suggest that questions of finance would more properly be discussed by the Board of Directors.

'No—no—ot by a damned sight!' ejaculated General Cleaver, which ejaculation again brought down the house, and by recalling his thoughts to the dignity of his own personal position, as one of our highly respectable citizens, moderated the intensity of his expressions. 'I meant to say,' continued he apologetically, 'that the thing is all in my eye. I hope the road may succeed. I do n't doubt any body's integrity, but what strikes me is that the whole affair is a — is a ; the whole calaboodle is a — damned humbug.' With this explosion General Cleaver, very red in the face, and excited by his first effort at public speaking, resumed his seat.

Mr. Heminway said the scheme was only begun. No one could safely in advance pronounce it a humbug. Thar was no man who could deny the amount of commerce ready to be done between Asia, Japan, and this country. No one could deny that it would be more pleasant to ride from New-York to San-Francisco on a six-foot gauge in a splendid car, than to make the same journey with an ox-team or on foot, driving cows. No one could deny the immense advantage to the country of building this great link in that road. Why, then, did his friend declar it a humbug? Why did his friend declar it to be a damned humbug? Why did his friend, General Cleaver, declar, in this profane language, his want of faith that thar could be such a road? Thar is no impossibility; thar positively is none. We are a go-ahead people. Let me say to my friend: 'Oh! ye of little faith! I declar unto you:

'THAR's many a thing true enough in itself,
You never did dream of in your philosophy, HORATIO.'

As soon as Mr. Heminway ceased speaking, Mr. Blodget took the floor. He wiped his mouth daintily with a white handkerchief. He looked over his audience, sipped from a glass of water, and paused. Here several persons, impatient of delay, cried: 'Blodget! Blodget! Blodget!' Others less reverential shouted: 'Move on the team!' 'One more pull and she goes!' 'Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!' and the like. Mr. Blodget, after due deliberation, stretched forth his hand with a gesture commanding silence, and said:

'*Fellow-citizens!* We are in the last half of the nineteenth century. The great feature of this century is physical development. But, seen from a higher point of observation, the soul of the universe seems to be making itself visible on the surface of things. The earth is strung with telegraphic wires, and thought speeds from one latitude to another, as quick and noiselessly as impulses of our own will from our own brain to our fingers and toes. Peoples rise up, and with united will command state to be bound to state by iron bands: the impulse is obeyed, and the rail-road train, like a sightless courier of the wind, passes under mountains and over valleys which before were solitudes. It is as if one peo-

ple should say to another : Brethren, let us embrace ! The soul of the world is too strong for obstacles ; the day of universal brotherhood advances. The sky is already a-glow with its coming, and cavils are dispersed by its effulgence as mists before the sun. What the peoples will is already half-accomplished. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans are calling for companionship. Deep calleth unto deep, and intervening mountains clap their hands. Let those express incredulity whose minds have dwelt but little on such subjects. Who shall say that this work is too big for us ! On whichever side I turn mine eyes I behold all full of courage and animation. Our children will be ashamed of us if we cower and shrink back from a work so imperatively demanded by the spirit of the age. I pronounce the present project, formidable as it may seem to the superficial observer, to be absolutely trifling to what will soon follow. We are now proposing only to find a way along valleys, and to pass along the surface by seeking mountain defiles and passes. The time is not far hence when a gigantic tunnel will be bored under the Rocky Mountains and ——'

Here General Cleaver interrupted Mr. Blodget, and ' begged to inquire whether such a hole as that would not be a devil of a bore ? '

' Think ! ' said Mr. Blodget, ' of the priceless value of immortal souls ! We are now sending missionaries entirely around the Cape, at a great expense both of time and money. Every missionary sent to the Sandwich Islands, to Asia, or to New-Holland, has thus on an average, lost at least three months' time ; three months from his period of usefulness, three months from proclaiming truth to lands lying in darkness ! I will not pursue this painful theme, The time thus lost altogether would equal the entire time of the entire missionary force now in those dark regions. I see a minister of the Gospel among us. I appeal to him as a man whose privilege it is to bathe his soul in the eternal sunshine of divine favor, to say if I am wrong ? '

Here Rev. Mr. Motherwort, A.B., being called on thus directly, said that the view taken by Mr. Blodget, presented the whole subject to him in a new and interesting light. It struck him as eminently just. While he was on his feet he would inquire whether it was the intention to carry missionaries and their families and ministers of the Gospel over this road free ? Mr. Heminway answered with more than common eagerness of manner :

' Yes ! and children half-price.'

Mr. Blodget awaited the conclusion of this episode with calm assurance, and then proceeded :

' I was right. If what I said was true of losses on spiritual things, how much more certainly on things commercial and temporal. Life may be properly measured by the number of thoughts or emotions comprehended within it, and the amount of good accomplished, or the amount of knowledge acquired. It is not likely that any means will be found to restore the average length of life to what it was when Noah, Abraham, and Methusalah lived. But the means are already devised by which, if we are true to our age and opportunities, we can see more, learn more, feel more, do more in every valuable sense, live more in three-score and ten years than Methusalah did or could in one

less than a thousand. But I deem it unnecessary to argue further. know that this meeting does not intend to be diverted or discouraged. What we want is, in a practical manner to set about the work in good earnest. And to this end I move the appointment of a committee of three, to canvass the chances on each of the proposed lines, and report amount of subscription on each, the cost of rights of way, and to make a careful estimate of the relative advantages and disadvantages of the several routes.'

Mr. Blodget's motion was adopted, and as a matter of course, he was placed at the head of the committee. Mr. Heminway was for this time defeated, and Mr. Blodget walked off with the game in his own hands, much as Heminway had done at the previous meeting.

Several days had passed, and the events of the rail-road meeting had been, in my mind, over-laid by a succession of other matters, when I met General Cleaver on the street. He grasped my hand very cordially and inquired :

'How did you like it ?'

I did not for a moment know what he referred to ; but while I was hesitating he said :

'The rail-road meeting, you know : how did it go off ?'

'A great deal of spirit,' said I.

'Yes,' said he, 'I know it. I can't hold in. When the old hoss starts he takes the bit in his mouth and goes it at the rate of two-forty.'

From this I perceived that the General was inquiring not of my impressions as to the character of the meeting, but as to his own particular part in it.

'It seemed to take !' said he. 'It came devilish hard, but it really did seem to please 'em, I thought.'

'The demonstration,' I replied, 'was decided. Your mind struck to the very centre of the difficulty. Did you notice how much effort Heminway and Blodget were obliged to put forth to counteract the effects of what you said ? Do you intend to make an active opposition ?'

'That 's the devil of it,' said the General. 'I do n't want to oppose the road at all. But you see I'm not used to public speaking. All right here, perhaps,' (putting his finger to his forehead ;) 'but had no training, you know. Mrs. Cleaver and I talked the thing up till very late the night before the meeting. We agreed that as I had obtained a certain position, you know, that is, PROVIDENCE had favored me, it became my duty to take some part in these transactions. The public perhaps would expect something of me. I *can* take as much stock as Blodget or Heminway, if I've a mind to ! Mrs. Cleaver and I agreed it would be proper for me to make some sort of a speech to show, you know, that I knew what I was about. Well, we contrived up a considerable of a speech in favor of the road. I said it over to Maggie, Mrs. Cleaver, and she thought that probably neither Heminway nor Blodget could mend it much. I really think it had some pretty good pints, you know. Well, I never did say nothin' in meetin' in my

life. When I got up I could n't think of a single damned word! Was n't it a cussed pickle to be in? Every thing gone from my head. Empty as an old contribution-box and no mistake. Now tell me, for I really want to know if other folks are bored in that way?'

I assured him nothing was more common for persons not accustomed to public speaking.

'Fact is,' said Cleaver, 'I had to make a tee-total cussed failure and stick my thumbs in my mouth, or pitch in somewhere, hit or miss. Well! I did n't care so much on my own account and Maggie's, that is, Mrs. Cleaver, because you know we are as we are. As the tree falleth so it lies.'

'General,' said I, 'you and Madam Cleaver are as you are. Your friends have got used to you just as you are. We do not want you to change. No one possesses every thing; but we who know you both, know where to find you when kind acts are to be done, or true and staunch qualities are in request. We say to ourselves, there's the General and there's Madam, or perhaps we say, Laughing Maggie; they are as sure to be found in the right spot as the sun or the moon. No, General! I would not wish you to change.'

'Well! well! I know it,' said Cleaver. 'You and I always did understand each other. We pulled together when we were at the foot of the hill; now we are getting to the top, we would be devilish fools to try to work ourselves over into some body else; that's a fact. I know it. But there's Adeline, though I say it who should n't, as tidy a girl and handsome as the sun shines on. She goes with the Blodgets and Heminways and that set. She's got learning up to the notch; and she shall have as good a setting out as the best of 'em. Some how I'm kinder proud and childish about her. Do you think it will hurt her prospects to have an illiterate old fellow like me for father, who is not quick at public speaking?'

'General,' said I, 'my honest opinion is, that any young fellow who sees himself in the line of favor with Adeline, and can stop to inquire into the literary acquirements of her father or mother, is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. He has no music in his soul. It would be a blessing to be rid of such a whey-blooded spooney. You ought never to be the grand-father of such a man's children, and you never shall, with my consent?'

'Well, then,' said the General, 'I do n't care beans for the rail-road, not a single old red-eyed bean, nor a string-bean. But what shall I do? I'm committed against it.'

'You can be convinced,' I replied. 'It is no discredit to any man to be convinced. Heminway and Blodget both made good speeches.'

'Not by *them*!' said the General. 'They hold their heads too high. They got rich a few years ahead of me, and think they have nothing to do but step in everywhere and hang up their hats. I won't be convinced by *them*. If you'll make a speech on the subject I can knock under the natural way and all right.'

'What says Madam Cleaver?' I inquired. 'What does she advise?'

'Well,' replied the General, 'I told it all over jest about as it hap-

pened. She was sort of struck of a heap to find I had got on the wrong side, but she says it will never do to knock under. She waked up in the night after talking it over, and hit me a dig and waked me up. Says she to me, says she: 'I bleeve you *did* get the right side arter all. Them ideas of yourn,' says she, 'have been running in my head. They're all right. Stick to 'em.' 'Do n't have things running in your head,' says I, 'Maggie!'

'She has proved a pretty safe adviser in most cases, has she not?' I inquired.

'That woman's got sense,' said the General. 'She don't often miss fire, I can tell you she don't. Worth thinking of any how, and may-be she is right. They did seem to applaud, did n't they?'

And the General passed on.

Here I must mention a neighborhood item. Little George Massie is dead — raisin-colored George! Who would have thought of *his* dying? Many a pleasant lad might have been taken away and not be so much regretted. You have heard me say how much his father looked like famous Daniel Webster, and he is the only person I ever saw bearing even a remote resemblance to that great man. Of course Massie lacked the strength of face and superb intellectual character of features which have come to be far known as Websterian; but in general structure, port, bearing, *tout ensemble*, they were so alike, that at ten rods' distance, and dressed alike, they might have been mistaken for each other. The resemblance to me was greater, because the first time I saw Mr. Webster he was in his fishing-boat, at Marshfield, crowned with a rough-and-ready hat, and other loose habiliments to correspond. He was enjoying his freedom. Thus might have looked Napoleon in his old gray coat, at Elba. Thus looked and still looks Joe Massie, the mulatto livery-stable man, who has given you and the rest of us so many pleasant drives. Thus erect upon broad shoulders, surmounting the ideal of a well-developed chest, rises his majestic neck and head: thus stands he, firmly planted, in oratorical attitude, like one who should command men instead of horses: thus rounded with a certain dignified and comfortable fulness of abdomen, which is not out of proportion: thus, also, the large eye-ball, seldom seen but apt to be taken as an evidence of superior organization: thus covered by the broad hat freely turned up or down, as who should say, there is nothing under *this* hat which fears to be called in question for non-conformity: thus, also, the cunning hand of nature has contrived to adjust the proportions and parts of a symmetrical human figure, not large in itself, so as to produce a certain architectural and scenic effect, as if it were colossal, and as if it were no incredible thing for such a figure to be visited with glimpses of the superhuman. Massie, or 'Joe,' as we call this august nigger, is from the South. With his black blood, who shall disclose what other blood is mingled? He has no negro affectations, but bears himself always with decorous modesty and self-respect. With his negro blood so much white is mingled that he is of the color of fresh raisins, and in looking at him I often think,

'A man's a man for a' that and a' that.'

Little George was the old 'Joe' in miniature. There never was a brighter or handsomer lad. Joe and George were almost always together, and looked as much alike as a large turtle and a little turtle. Joe could not write; George could. It was pleasant to see George perched on a stool at his father's desk, so high that two or three pairs of such little legs as his would be required to reach the floor; and to see with what deference Joe, the magnificent, referred his customers to the boy for their accounts.

At length Joe met with a cross. His own position among colored folks he did not seek to change, but the boy George must have opportunities. A thriving man was Joe, and the boy George was heavily laden with expectations. What money could buy for other boys, money *should* buy for George. But the schools and seminaries refused George admission among white children. Many a time have your father and mahogany Joe bewailed the hardship of excluding so fine and bright a boy from the schools. It was finally decided that George must go to Oberlin. For once in my life it seemed well to have an Oberlin College.

The last time I saw George was after a year at Oberlin. He was on the cars with a sister, as handsome as himself, both prettily clad, happy and bright. After a long absence, returning, I met Joe; his stately form some shades less grand, and, as it were, stricken. I put the accustomed question:

'And how is George?'

'George is dead, Sir!'

Those large eye-balls were suffused, and I could plainly see what grief had taken possession of him. Such words of sympathy as I could give, I gave from the bottom of my heart. But alas! I *know* how vain are such words, how vacant they seem, failing to bring back our dead.

'I am going to leave this place!' continued Joe, with sad decision of purpose. 'They will not let me bury George in the Cemetery. I have tried to buy a lot. George wanted to be buried there, but they shut me out. For twenty years I have tried to build up a character for myself. Every body professed to love George, but they would not let him into their schools, and they will not sell me a lot to bury him.'

His strong frame shook with a profound mortification and agony. I explained, as well as I could, that it was a private cemetery, and chiefly valuable to lot-owners, because not open to general occupancy; but told him that he might bury George in my lot. I would give him a place near the spot intended for myself. Joe shook his head. He would choose a place where they could all rest together. When the last trumpet shall sound, I wonder if a nice scrutiny will be made to find out mixtures and shades of blood?

Alas! little George! Alas! poor Joe! There may, I hope, be room in heaven for us all.

C H R I S T I N A .

I.

I HARDLY dared to push the door,
I shrank to cross the threshold o'er,
For *Her* should I find there no more !

II.

Stilly my heart ! thy beating low
Breaks on the sacred, backward flow
Of silent thought, to her we know.

III.

How very lonely is the place !
And yet a nameless, airy grace
Caught from her gentle, loving face :

IV.

Faint, like the dreamy dim perfume
Breathed from the dying violet's bloom,
Lingers within the hallowed room.

V.

Just here she sat, her hand in mine,
The while I traced each jetty line
That fringed her downcast eyes divine :

VI.

And felt its slightest quiver thrill
My very soul, which trembles still
To Memory's throb, despite my will :

VII.

And watched the thoughtful shadows play
About her mouth ; faint, pure they lay
Cast by her spirit's inner ray ;

VIII.

And revelled in each curl so fair !
Eddying curls of tameless hair,
Flowing down her shoulder bare :

IX.

And lingered on her throbbing tone,
Its every cadence *hers* alone,
And shrank — so harshly jarred my own :

X.

And felt — but this is weak, I fear,
One moment more I'll linger here ;
Hush ! evening shadows gather near.

LEON.

M Y S O N .

I.

ASLEEP — my own dear child ! again I creep
Close to thy little couch, to pray and weep
Under the pure light of yon holy star :
Heaven and Earth mingle here without a jar.

II.

Does my cold worldly heart an influence throw,
(Even as my shadow darkens now thy brow,)
And chill thy spirit ? No, I need not fly,
Thou canst get nearer much to GOD than I.

III.

On thy young brow, thy murmured evening prayer
Still lingering, throws its radiant sweetness there :
And thy pure spirit for a time more free,
Holds closer converse with the DEITY.

IV.

Eight years ago thou wast not, now thou art,
Mysterious being ! of myself a part
And part of GOD ; with wondering awe I gaze,
Earthly, immortal ! in thy little face.

V.

Another self ! each lineament I trace,
But fair and soft, with superadded grace :
Thus shall I be, when freed from care and sin,
My MAKER makes all glorious within.

VI.

Those smooth round limbs, shall they in devious wild
Far from his home and GOD e'er take my child ?
Ah ! no : where'er his thoughtless footsteps roam,
HIS grace will surely bring the wanderer home.

VII.

It will, or else half-beast, half-devil I,
To raise a living soul from dust, to die :
Else it were well to let thy spirit free,
And pluck the awful risk, my child, on me.

VIII.

Preposterous thought ! if to thy lightest pain,
My heart with answering beat throbs back again,
Sure HE who made the human heart to feel,
Will keep thee safe through every wo and weal.

The Hut.

BY HENRY . . BRENT.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'You heard it last night, and the night afore, and the night afore that,' said Sampson, with a broad grin upon his face. 'Massa, this old woman here has said that every night for the LORD knows how many years, and she'll keep on saying it till she gets deaf as a dead Ingin, and then I 'spect she'll hear it louder than ever.' The old lady still looked hard at me, and kept her hand raised in the same position.

'Yes, indeed, she hears that clock strike ten every night, and there aint a night that she don't say : 'I hear it agin.'

'Do you hear any thing now ?' I inquired ; and still keeping her eyes fixed upon me, she answered : 'No !'

I did, but I said nothing about it. A large yellow cat, tigerish-looking in color, though probably a most amiable creature, came quietly from the closet, where she had been counting the hoops on a meal-tub, and calculating the number of rats she had chewed up within the last six months. Quietly she came out of the closet in her velvet slippers, and rubbed her soft sides against the tall-backed repository of African feminality.

'Good gracious me, what's that !' exclaimed old Mary ; but perceiving the cat, she subsided from her alarm, and Sampson and I both laughed at the incident. Whether old Sampson had heard what I heard, I did not know. If he had, he had reasons that prevented his admitting the fact ; at all events, he went on counting something or other on his fingers, in which employment he seemed to be very soon entirely engrossed.

'Ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, fifty, sixty,' he muttered something to himself beside, 'one hundred, two hundred' — again he muttered and laughed, and then stopped counting, but only stopped for a moment — 'three hundred, six hundred.' At this, he looked once at me, and with a broad grin upon his face, continued, addressing himself directly to me : 'Massa, it's more than six hundred, up and down, down and up, cross-ways, and every way, all over, it's more than eight hundred,' and then he went to work with his ten black slate-pencils, ciphering away, nodding his head, grinning, and then looking very solemn, and then grinning again, and then again looking very solemn. In the latter mood he turned to me, and I could observe an anxious, a really melancholy look in the old man's face. He raised his eyes and looked all around the room, gazing intently for an instant at each article of furniture and relic, as his eye fell upon them, and when he again turned his face toward me, there were tears in his noble old eyes, in those faithful, true old eyes. In an instant I understood all about the matter, but I waited with a species of delight, until

I could see the whole of this natural pantomime played out. I felt that it was in my power to drive that tear back to his warm old heart, and bid it never come back again ; but I wished to see in full the depth of this uneducated being's feelings, the holiness of those powerful emotions, that I knew filled every fibre and vein of his loving spirit.

The old woman had ceased troubling herself about the out-door, or it might have been the in-door sounds, and was gradually getting into an excited state of sympathy with her black lord and master.

'Yes, master, there is more than six hundred acres on this farm : there's the big meadow where the mill is, that's forty-five acres, but it's full of brambles and young trees ; then (counting on his fingers) there's the old blacksmith-shop lot, twenty-five acres ; the cow-pasture ten acres, that's fenced in ; then the swamp-land, Lor bless your soul, there's more than one hundred there ; then the wood back of the saw-mill, there's more than two hundred acres there, too. Mary !' addressing his wife, 'did n't Mass Billie survey some land back of that just before Mass Richard got married ?' 'Yes, indeed he did,' she answered ; 'but he did n't do nothing with it, but turn the hogs in it to eat the acorns — it aint fit for any thing else, but to feed hogs and 'possums in.' Sampson waved her into silence. 'Then there's the old farm old master's father bought from the Injins, away up in the mountain, that must be some three hundred acres ; and there's the piece Mass Richard took up from the State for taxes, that's good two hundred. Mass Richard was going to build a house up there, you can see where they dug the cellar, and the big piles of stones they carted there, and the logs, dead and rotten, laying all around. Yes, indeed, there's more than eight hundred acres in this tract ; but it aint worth much, unless a gentleman had a good gang to work it. It aint been worked this many a year ; nobody seems to care about it, and I thought nobody ever would ; but it's healthy, that it is, and there's plenty of nice apples in the house-orchard, and Mary and me has kept the garden pretty well — that's what we live on pretty much, 'cept some pigs we raise — that was some you eat a little while ago.' 'And very nice it was too, Sampson,' I said, 'and aunt Mary cooks it just as I like it cooked,' (in this section, and indeed all throughout the slave States, the whites use the terms uncle and aunt to the old slaves ;) 'and Sampson, if you have taken as good care of my horse as she took of me, I shall be perfectly contented.'

'Bless your soul, Massa, I rubbed him down, spread clean straw under him, and gave him plenty of corn and fodder, and water too. I'll bound he aint going to grumble : but Massa,' here Sampson looked all round the room again, and then at Mary, and then he got up and fixed the fire, by putting two fallen chunks together, as if the thought that was then uppermost in his mind suggested the act, and as he was putting the tongs in their place, he finished his remark. 'Massa, is you got a wife ?' I told him that I was a single man. 'Now that's queer,' he said ; 'I thought that white folk in big cities all got married, and that made the cities so big.' 'I am not married, Sampson, and I think, by-the-by, that you and I and aunt Mary here, will have to come to some agreement about our house-keeping. You will take me

on trial if I buy, and if you like me, why I am sure I will like you ; and you and she will be my old uncle and aunt, and take care of me when I am sick, and I will take care of both of you when you are well or sick either, and you will take care of my horse, Sampson, and she can take care of my house and darn my stockings, and cook my little meals for me, and feed the chickens, and fatten the pigs, and do any thing she likes, except run away and leave us both here alone in the woods.' As I spoke in this half-familiar, affectionate way, I saw a smile passing from one face of my listeners to the other, until like the sun parting a black cloud, and showing a bright and happy spot beyond, their dark features widened into a grin, and I could distinctly see, away down in their ebony hearts, a ray of contentment, a perfect heaven of happiness, at the knowledge that in the event of my purchasing, they would not be turned away from the cradle and the graves of their ancient friends. It was this dread that had been working in old Sampson's mind, when he was looking around so fondly at all the familiar souvenirs that adorned his palatial kitchen.

My segar was now finished, and it was high time for me to be thinking of my roost for the night. How I was to be accommodated was as yet a question not touched upon, though I had been informed by my friend in the city that a room in the turret was always kept in some sort of order by the old servants, more from respect to certain associations than from any necessity to do so. There was a chance, however, that some other arrangement might be more convenient to my hosts, but at all events I was certain that some mode of passing the night comfortably would be prepared for me.

The clock was within the quarter of eleven, and my fatigue, after having ridden nearly sixty miles that day, induced me at once to broach the important subject of my lodgings.

In answer to my question if they could make me a 'shake-down,' the old woman started from her erect rush-bottomed chair and said :

'Why, young massa, to be sure we can — and no shake-down either, but a good bed, and clean sheets, and a warm blanket, too. Sampson, light the candle,' (we had been sitting in the more pleasant light of the fire,) 'and get the boot-jack.' The boot-jack was forthcoming, and I was soon made comfortable in a pair of slippers, which providentially I had stuffed in my valise, and which I would recommend every gentleman to travel with.

The candle, too, was brought, and after bidding the old lady a respectful 'good night,' I followed Sampson out of the room.

After passing through the door-way by which I had entered the kitchen, we turned up a flight of steps, that in those low ceilings soon brought us to a small landing. Here another door was to be opened, and the next moment I found myself in the open air. A sort of covered bridge connected the Hut proper with the tower. The wind almost extinguished the candle ; but in one or two steps I found myself within the turret portion of the building. Closing the door after him, Sampson stopped a moment, and felt in his pocket for a key. That was found, and speedily the door of an apartment was opened, and while he led the way, I followed him and entered.

'This was Massa Richard's room, and we keep it just as it was when he was alive. Bless your soul, Massa, I really did forget to make a fire, but if you'll wait one minet I'll bring kindlings and soon have the room warm enough. It aint damp, Massa, but it's little frosty.' I told him that I would not need a fire, that I never used one in my bed-room, but that I was sure I would get on very nicely if he would see that the bed was all right.

'I know that well enough,' he said, 'for old Mary comes up here every day and airs the bed and brushes off the dust — where the dust comes from I do n't know — and fixes things just as if Mas Richard and Miss Emily were living here yet. She raised him from the cradle when old Missus was ailing, and she took care of him till he grew to be a man, and the old critter never would believe that Mas Richard was any thing but a little boy. She found out he wasn't a little boy when it was too late. Yes indeed, Massa, it was too late for poor old Mary.'

He placed the candle on a table, and promising to wake me at any time I wished, and also to feed my horse and rub him down, and bring me water fresh from the spring in the morning, bade me good night, and I was alone.

I listened to the old man as he closed the turret-door after him, and then I heard him descend the steps to the kitchen, and after that I heard sounds of conversation between the worthy couple, sounds of earnest and most important conversation upon matters of life-interest to them, and which continued long after I had crept into bed.

Before retiring for the night, I thought I would indulge a slight curiosity I experienced, and make an examination of the locality and topography of my position. For that purpose I took the candle, and opening the door, stepped out into the narrow passage, by which I had approached the room from the bridge-door. The passage was bordered on the other side by the outer wall of the Hut. It was not more than twenty feet in length; indeed that was the width of the tower; and at the end opposite to the door it descended by a flight of steps into the lower portion of the structure. Another flight of steps turned abruptly at the entrance from the bridge and wound up into the tower, ending, as I then supposed, in some other chamber above the one in which I was to sleep. After having made these observations, including the fact that the bridge-door was unlocked, I returned to the room in which Master Richard had so often found repose.

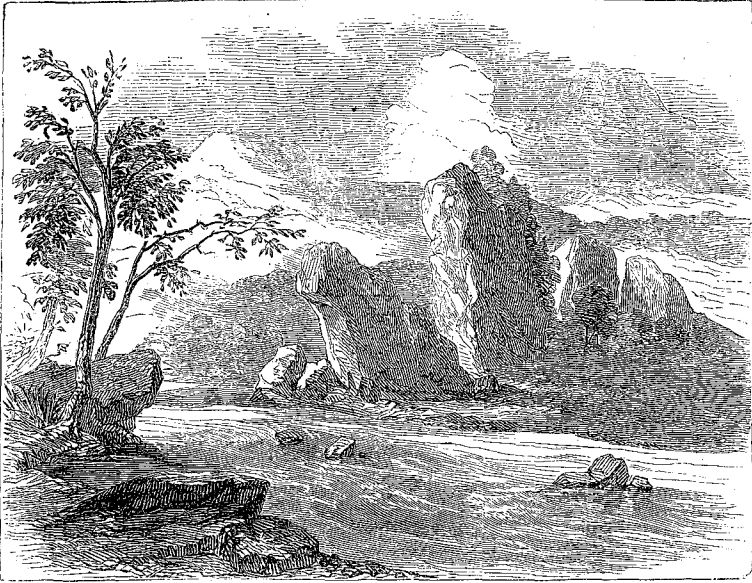
Let me describe my sleeping apartment. In the first place, it was in the second story of the tower. The ceiling here was more elevated than in the passages I had passed through in the other wing of the building, and higher by some two or three feet than the kitchen itself. There was a large window with a bow top, and from it you could see, some fifty feet distant, the river, running on, on forever. My observation of the window, however, did not verify the assertion entirely of old Sampson, that Mary kept the room exactly as Master Richard had left it, unless Master Richard was partial to night-air at all seasons, and broken panes were in his eyes picturesque as well as useful. Two of the panes were out upon this occasion, and the sash that had confined

them was shattered. The branches of the oak, sturdy in their stiff antiquity, were gently touching the mossy sides of the old tower. Outside, the night was gray and a white frost covered the lawn. Dark lines of rock waded knee deep into the river, and, far beyond, dim and vague clumps dotted the opposite shore. In the distance sounded the cataract. It was natural that I should scrutinize the minute features of a scene, that in all probability was to be my home — my home always.

Unfortunately there was nothing in the room in the shape of an extra blanket to stuff in the broken window, but I thought little of the inconvenience when I examined my bed. It was an old-fashioned French bedstead, with curtains of faded red damask hanging around it and suspended from the ceiling by a time-stained, gilded ring. The sheets were as white as snow, and would have looked as cold, had I not discovered peeping from beneath one of the folds the red border of a blanket, one of those blankets with cobweb-shaped marks in red sewed in the corners. Then the quilt was a perfect picture, or rather a sight that would have pleased a Dutch enthusiast in tulips, for it combined every color that the earth ever gave forth in flowers and buds. Surely here were pieces from some sweet damsel's silken skirt, and there a scrap that had braced in the swelling bodice of some dame exultant in her beauty. Was there any thing of Emily's here? of that Emily so linked with the name of Richard, at whose name mentioned, old Mary looked sad, as if the pain of memory was as deep as the pain of love. Such a counterpane it was a bliss to sleep under, and as I gazed at it in no mock sentiment of old association with my own past home, now sad and desolate, when my poor mother used to bring the neighbors to our country house and sit up, in merry laugh, the girls with needles flying and the young fellows with their hands all busy handing round cakes, and apples, and the brisk cider, I could not hesitate about buying the place, bed-clothes and all. While I stood over the bed, wrapped in admiration of the wonderfully variegated cover, whose roses seemed to bloom and give an odor to the air, I heard the branch of the oak scrape harder against the side of the turret, and upon a stronger current of air, the sound of the water-fall was borne into the room, now rising in its turmoil, now subsiding as the wind sighed itself out and went away.

The sides of the room were in panel, and on one of the panels was a picture, painted with no small capacity, of a shepherdess sitting beneath a tree, and a shepherd stretched at her feet. All around them were sheep and lambs in various attitudes, and close by the female's side, eating flowers from her hand, was a pet lamb with a pink ribbon tied around its neck. The shepherdess and shepherd were dressed in the usual pastoral costume. What the picture meant I could not at that moment tell, but I felt assured that they were portraits; perhaps, indeed I felt certain they were, of Richard and Emily. I found out afterward that I was not mistaken in my conjectures. I will have to describe both their portraits hereafter, and so will not dwell upon them now. This was the only picture in the room.

There was a rich carpet on the floor, and in front of the fire-place there was a screen, and by the screen was a large velvet chair, the



THE CASCADES ABOVE THE HUT.

wood-work of black walnut. Over the back of the chair hung a single guitar-string. It looked very old. I looked at it, but did not touch it. Two superb vases were in another part of the room, exquisite in workmanship. They seemed to be either veritable antiques or exact copies after some of the old Greek workmen. Wherever I turned my eyes they fell upon some object that indicated a refined taste; a highly cultivated feeling. Placed in such a situation as to catch the light from the window, was a Parisian mirror. A Cupid sported in its border, and birds flew from branch to branch and took their kissing lessons among the leaves from the young god of love and trouble.

Beneath this glass was a table — a dressing-table. Here and there upon it were little jars, whose perfumes had long since fled, and even the ribbons that adorned their necks, like summer cravats around the necks of petted children, had faded out of color, but still like that famed aroma of the song, 'the sentiment still lingered round them,' and spoke of female wants — her gentle wants and gentle ways. Had I not known how deeply was implanted in the breasts of the humble servants of a good family, the feeling of reverence and love for those who had departed, without ever having wronged them, I would have been in complete amaze at all that I found before me. But knowing the nature of the negro's heart in its quiet repose of country and anti-city life, I felt at once the full force of the possibility of those old, tender, ever-tender and true hands of Mary, Richard's nurse, guarding each sacred relic of her dead hero, her foster-son, as Catholics guard the relics of their saints, whose greatest miracle is that they can inspire a feeling half-worship and half-fear.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE night was wearing on, and I was not yet in bed. Some men are so lazy that they go to bed, others are not lazy enough to get in bed, and some are so lazy that they sleep about in chairs, so very lazy that they will not take the trouble to undress themselves and go quietly to sleep in an honest, gentlemanly way. No one will be astonished at my keeping out of bed till late that night, when they reflect upon my novel situation ; upon the novel old things that were about me ; the old man and the old woman ; the queer old house ; the loneliness of the place ; the furniture of the room reminding me of events that I had but imperfectly up to that time become acquainted with, relative to the last inhabitant of the Hut. Myself so young, I was only twenty-five, my scheme of living by myself so strange in the eyes of all my friends. I seated myself upon the side of the bed. I dared not sit in the chair guarded by that string lying over its back, and which bound the present to the past by its now dumb memory of music : perhaps it had once been touched by fair fingers that smote it into melody, making the old turret whisper through all its crannies of the dulcet airs, that reminded it of songs sung when its timbers were growing upon the far hill-side. I had sought solitude and it was mine. Who finds what he seeks ? Few, very few ; but at once, by only riding away from a city through woods and barren fields, many a weary mile to be sure, without any great effort, without having to fight with dragons and giants, I had found the thing I sought — solitude. A place to think in, or not to think in, as I pleased. I sat on the bed, I pressed the coverlid of flowers. I could have wished to gather those scentless emblems in my hand and place them in those old vases, that I might realize their former use, when tender hands crowned them with the rich blossoms of the fields, and the gorgeous product of the garden. Memory brought back to me a thousand things of which I had been robbed, and laid them at my feet a withered mass of nothings, like ashes of the dead, useless, worthless, that are gathered at the grave whence the spirit had departed to eternity. Dreams came over me with pleasant faces smiling, and pleasant voices talking, but all as if they smiled and talked to me in a sleep in a sleep*too, themselves, the smilers and the talkers.

I was away from all the world, away by my own choice, but driven to that choice by an inexorable fate, whose mandate, when it was uttered, I could not disobey, and whose decree afterward I could not even murmur at. The loneliness was now heavy upon me. If I knew myself, and I thought I did, I knew that it would all pass away in time ; that I would no more feel the pang that then pressed against my side : but I knew that months would have to roll by before that period came, and I was willing to await its coming, await it with calmness, hoping for its coming, praying for its coming, almost happy till it came, for I knew that it would in the end bring me happiness. Thus I sat upon the side of that old bed as Jacques sat beside the running brook upon the daisied bank and saw the wounded stag drop bitter tears, so I saw the wounded past pass by me, weeping. It seemed as if the past was nothing but myself. The past and I were so linked together

that at times I feared there never could be a separation, that I could never get beyond the duality of my existence and once more hail the future as an expected friend. Only at times I thought so, but those times were very bitter. Bitter though they were, I smote my breast and lifted up my eye to the JUDGE, to my CREATOR, to my GREAT FATHER. I leant against His bosom as the clouds lean against the sky, weakness upon strength, and ultimately I gathered force enough, as vapor gathers lightning, to sweep away the mists malignant that beset my path. It was not long before all those dread tortures left me, left me, as I had been once before, when I was too happy ever to have been miserable. Such thoughts, I say, filled me that night as I sat on the emblomed flowers, and from that night the change began; it began in darkness and it ended in light, and that light shall appear more hereafter on these pages than the darkness. I have unburthened myself for once and for all, and whenever these writings shall bear the impress of sorrow, it will be more for others than myself.

I blew out the light and the air grew stiller and stiller every moment. My breathing was almost the only sound I heard, save now and then the scratching of the old oak limbs against the tower. To be alone, is to be with every body and every thing. To be in company, you are only with those few who are sitting in chairs, or standing talking around the room. Your mind is concentrated upon the minority of things and beings and subjects present. You are in prison, and Society, the jailer, has locked you in with his family, and you talk of the prison discipline and grumble at the prison fare, and give up all hope of ever getting out into green fields and by the shores of lakes. A park is an apocalypse. So that night, the first night in this old Hut, was to me a voyage round the world. I sailed with Captain Cook, and helped to elevate the cross with Columbus; I flew with the eagles of Napoleon, and trotted with the dogs of the Esquimaux; I soared the summit of the Alps with Lord Byron, and milked cows in the valley with the peasants; I got crowned with Charlemagne, and lost my head with Louis the Sixteenth; I made love with Cleopatra, and jumped hand in hand with Sappho from Cape Luccas, because of unrequited love. Then I thought of sheep jumping over a fence; of a field of waving grain; of showers falling on the earth, and went to sleep thinking that I had an umbrella over my head made of a mushroom, and wondering whether I would be up as early in the morning as one of those early-rising vegetables.

The last thing that I heard as I sank into the traveller's sleep, was the old oak scraping against the tower. The wind was so low that I heard it not, nor did I then hear the repetitions of the sound that had so startled old Mary in the other wing of the building. I had listened as the irresistible drowsiness came over me, and once I thought I heard it, but nearer to me than when it first struck my ear; but it was in one of those moments when it is impossible for the mind to distinguish the truth of sounds, and when experience teaches us we are not judges even of the most positive facts. So I went to sleep with whatever of superstition there was about me, comfortably quieted beneath the blankets. This is no after-thought that comes to me as part of a story,

but until now I had forgotten to say that from a habit of the life I had been leading for some years, a habit of wandering here, there, and everywhere, I had placed a pair of travelling-pistols underneath my pillow. Every man is safe who has something about him to make him feel safe, and few men are perfectly comfortable when they enter a strange farm-yard at night without a good cudgel. Who knows whether the dogs are amiable or otherwise? So I had my pistols under my head, and I felt as safe as a sentinel with his musket on his shoulder at half-cock when he walks his distance on the outskirts of his encampment.

It is impossible and it is unnecessary for me to say how long I had been asleep, but suddenly I was awakened by a heavy tramp outside of my room. It seemed as if some one was dragging a heavy body along the passage, and when they passed the door I heard the door jar as if the body had been pressed against it. I sat bolt upright in my bed and listened attentively. The sounds passed the door and went down the steps into the lower part of the tower, and then I heard a rush up the stairway again, and a rustling noise went up the steps that conducted to the upper rooms. Then there was perfect silence, when suddenly down the steps again came the rustling, pushing, struggling movement. My door shook, and down into the lower rooms went the confusion. I made up my mind what course to pursue, and was just getting out of bed to open my door and discover the cause of all this tumult—it was the same that I had heard when I was in the kitchen—when a dark form for a moment came between me and the gray light that came in through the window. This object seemed to pause for a moment to examine the apartment. There was a general light of the gray night diffused throughout the room, but my bed was in the shadow, and while I was out of sight of mundane intruders, I could from my place of concealment observe, with no great distinctness, however, whatever occurred in the room. I held my pistol straight before me as I heard a heavy fall upon the floor. I could see the old picture in the wainscoted wall, dim and strange-looking. My clothes hung over a chair and took the form of a man without a head, sitting in it, with his slouched hat thrown upon the table, and his head in his hat; but I could not see, nor could I imagine what had so shaken the room all of a sudden. Before I had time even to collect my thoughts, I heard a muffled tread pass by the bed-side and approach the door, but I could see nothing, nothing in the shape of ghost or living being, but the muffled tread stopped at the door and then came the rushing sound in the passage of hurrying feet. I could stand it no longer, and so I jumped out of my bed and opened the door. In doing so I stumbled against a soft object that at my touch struck me. I opened the door leading into the passage, but all was dark and still, and I had no means to discover by the lighted candle the cause of these strange noises. Indeed I guessed them, and without more ado, I crept cosily into my bed again and slept and was disturbed no more. The sun had been up some time when I heard old Sampson opening the bridge-door, and in an instant after his honest face was presented to my view.

‘This tower is haunted, Sampson,’ I said to the old gentleman. Sampson’s eyes dilated, but whether with alarm or fun, it was impossible to say.

'Hanted, Massa ? What's hanted ?'

'This tower is haunted, this room is haunted.'

Sampson laughed for a moment.

'Massa b'lieve in ghosts ?'

'I believe in cats, and what's more, I believe that window is broken and if I have my way about it, the cats shan't come in this room here a night to catch rats that run up and down the steps and along the passage. I do n't wonder at old Mary getting frightened at such horrid noises as they make. We must have these gentry attended to, Sampson ; else they'll carry the house away with them, and we must get a carpenter at work at once, or the furniture will all be ruined before the winter sets in.'

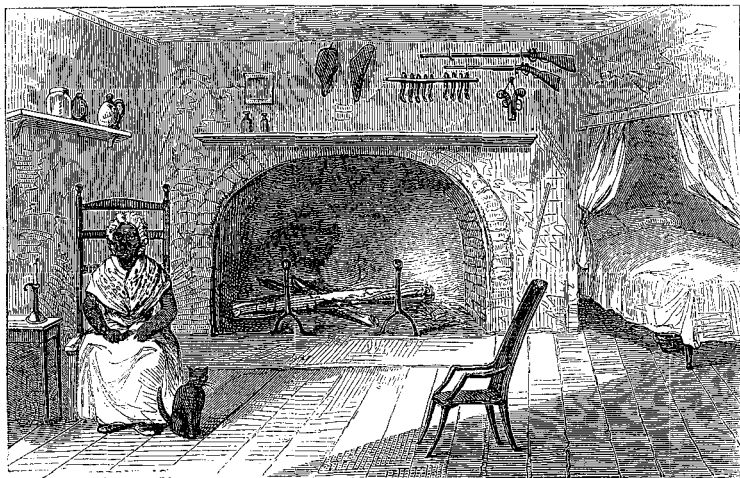
'Yes, indeed, Massa, that's so ; old Mary gets scared every night at the rats, and though I tell her what it is, she won't believe me, for she says she never sees 'em here in the day. She's mighty brave in day-light. She will believe in ghosts, and if you tell her it aint so, it won't make no difference with her. She likes to believe in 'em, it's nearly all she's got to do the long winter nights but b'lieve in ghosts. There's an old black man lives two miles up the creek that does carpenter's work, and he promised the other day to come down and mend the window-sash ; but I spect he's gone hunting with Benny Brown, the Injin.'

'Have you any Indians on the property, Sampson ?'

'Only one, Massa, only one. All the rest dead and gone long ago. Benny can't stay here very long now, for he's getting on in years, older than I am, a good deal older than I am. He do n't do any harm, and he do n't do any good ; but to tell the truth, I do n't know as much about his ways as Mike does ; Mike's the carpenter. He and Mike are old cronies, all the time prowling round the woods together, and talking to themselves, and to the trees, and to every thing but any body. Dare say we'll come upon 'em to-day when we go round the place. Old Benny, he'll look mighty funny when he finds some body is going to take the place ; he thinks he owns the whole of it, and he do n't mind the governor, or the militia-training, or any thing ; he's proud as he can stick in his old red skin. He aint even a Christian, but talks about catching coons long with dead folks when he dies. Old Mike talks religion to him. Old Mike's a real Methodist-preacher, and he's worked hard enough to convert Benny, but Benny won't hear of it, and so Mike says he's going to leave it to old Benny's conscience when he comes to give out in the end : but now you're most dressed, and old Mary's got coffee and ham and eggs for you down stairs, and do Massa, try to get the fidgets out of her head about the ghosts.'

I would not have told the adventure with the cats and rats, with all the particulars, just like a real ghost-story, except that I wanted to let the reader into the whole matter of the beginning of my Hut life, just as I really experienced it ; and I want him to follow me in all the humble by-paths of my solitude, and I can only get him to do so by telling him the truth, just as things happened to me. I am not writing the history of a nation or the biography of a hero. The simple annal of *my* experiences is the history of a human being, mixed up with event of comparative magnitude, and of affairs too small for the notice of

kings and great folk, but to be found scattered about among the more obscure, who too frequently have neither time nor inclination to open their budgets to the world. Let me now go down to breakfast and finish it without any display of my skill in eating fried ham and eggs, and drinking countrified coffee.



OLD MARY.

I took occasion during my breakfast to talk with old Mary, who quietly occupied her high-backed chair near the fire-place, for the morning air was cool, and the white frost lay heavy upon the fields, and my good old Mary had drawn close to the hickory blaze, and was barricaded against all my endeavors to unmistify her about the turret and its ghosts. In the time of the Romans, when Coriolanus went to the house of his enemy, Tullus the Volscian, he seated himself in the kitchen chimney-place, because he well knew that safety dwelt where the domestic gods held their residence, and so old Mary was safe by her kitchen fire-side, safe from my attacks upon her ghost belief, for there in the corners, among the burning embers, in the hissing wood, in the curling smoke, up and down the chimney, dwelt all her sprites and witches and witch-charms, all her gossiping religion; for there in that spot how long had she not listened to tales of 'Jack o' my lantern,' and 'Will o' the Wisps,' of broomsticks with female equestrians astride of them, of crooked pins in blankets, of death-watches in walls, of crickets in hearths, and all the wide world of weird elves and thingumbobs, that puzzle the negro's noddle and the magician's wand.

'Cats or rats,' she said, in reply to my logic, 'sounds is sounds, and steps is steps, and there *is* something in the tower. Now young Massa, it's no use, deed it aint, honey, talking to me about that cat,' pointing to her bosom-friend that purred with its tail up, like a witness testifying with up-raised hand in a court of justice, and possibly remembering the gentle tap she had given my leg the night before. 'She aint any ghost,

I know that well enough, and rats aint ghosts neither, but spirits is spirits.' Of course I knew as well as she did that cats were not ghosts, but then I knew that her ghosts were cats and rats, and leaving her to the luxury of her terrors, I sallied forth from the conference, eager to see by day-light my promised home, my already half-purchased haven of rest — would it be rest ?

A VAGARY OF ONE SICK.

BY CHARLES HENRY FOSTER.

I.

SHROUDED phantoms flit before me, ghastly faces meet my gaze !
Spectral arms with bony fingers clutch the air !
Hist ! that sad sepulchral moaning — worlds of anguish it betrays :
Anguish as of damned spirits, panting in the nether blaze,
Uttering forth a late repentance, in wild regretful prayer,
While their tones sink ever lower, as they lapse to mute despair.

II.

Now the pallid ghosts are gathered from each dark and weltering tomb,
Where they brood o'er livid corpses cold and stark ;
And the goblins hold their revel, even here within my room,
Moving fleetly to-and-fro amid this dull and mid-night gloom,
Goblins wan and melancholy, dwellers of the sunless dark,
From the dusky shores of ORETS echoing with trifaucal bark.*

III.

And the agile gnomes come hither, elf and elemental sprite ;
Restless riders of the tempest and the wind :
How the myriad mingled demons my whole shrinking soul affright !
Mingled of divine and human, finding fierce malign delight ;
Finding sharp, exulting rapture in this torment of my mind :
How they follow, with grim purpose, each some other close behind !

IV.

Thronging denser still and faster, yet the apparitions come ;
Skeletons and gliding shades in sombre train ;
Gaunt and haggard shapes of slain ones, as if called by beat of drum ;
Famished lips and eyeless sockets : I would shriek, but I am dumb !
All my swollen heart is bursting with an infinite of pain :
Oh ! the cruel, boundless horror of this fever of my brain !

Orono, on the Penobscot, (Maine.)

* ' CERBERUS hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat.' VIRG. ÆN. Lib. vi.

' Ore trilingui.' HOR. Lib. II., Car. XIX., et Lib. III., Car. XI.

THE WRECK OF THE BLANCHE-NEF.

A BALLAD.

THE public prosperity of HENRY the First of England about the middle of his reign, was much overbalanced by a domestic calamity which befel him. His only son, WILLIAM, had reached his eighteenth year, and the King, desirous to have him recognized successor by the states of the kingdom, had carried him over to Normandy, that he might receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. On his return, the ship in which WILLIAM was carried, by the heedlessness of the sailors struck upon a rock, where she immediately foundered; and the prince, with all his retinue, perished. HENRY entertained hopes for three days, that his son had put into some distant port of England; but when certain intelligence of the calamity was brought him, he fainted away; and it was remarked that he never after was seen to smile, nor ever recovered his wonted cheerfulness.'—HUME.

Now softly blow, ye gusty gales,
Nor gentle breezes tarry!
O'er the waters wide a bark doth glide,
And royal freight doth carry.

The sky is clear, the coast is near:
Good steersman, yet be wary!
Now, foul-faced birds, why be ye here,
What evil omen bear ye?

What ho! she's struck! Now CHRIST us save,
And save our royal burden!
Whoe'er shall keep him from the grave
That yawns beneath the weltering wave,
Shall have a knightly guerdon!

The waters rush, the waters roar;
Pull yarely, men — push free!
'T is vain! No more ye'll tread the shore,
No more ye'll track the sea!

Down many a fathom 'neath the foam,
The 'Blanche-Nef' sinketh she:
And the sea-birds sail with ceaseless wail,
O'er the wild and wasting sea.

FITZ-STEPHENS clings to a drifting spar
With quick and gasping breath:
He sees afar the waters war,
The waves bestrewn with death!

The petrels fly with ceaseless cry,
Their warning did not fail;
The engulfing waste sweeps all from view,
And only two of the gallant crew
Are left to tell the tale.

And then quoth he: 'Ah! wo is me!
And wo this fated day!
My liege, Prince WILLIAM — now, in sooth,
I'll not behind thee stay!'

Then headlong into the darksome depths,
FITZ-STEPHENS plungeth he;
While the sea-gulls sail, with ceaseless wail,
O'er the wide engulfing sea.

Now rest the souls of those drownéd men,
As they sink beneath the billow;
For no priestly kind, save the ghostly wind,
Chant mass o'er their choral pillow!

But who dare bring to the waiting king
This tale of ruth and sorrow?
His heart e'en now is smit with fears,
And tardily cometh the morrow.

Three days, with weary pace, drag by,
Three nights of sad foreboding;
Nor any dare the news to bear
That shall turn to certain wo the fear
Which the royal heart is goading.

No longer may the courtier train
Resist his stern appealing:
A little child, with folded hands,
Before the king is kneeling.

With folded hands, and eyes of wo,
He bows before the throne:
'The white ship sunk three days ago!'
His simple task is done.

The king is pale, his pulses fail,
He falls in sudden swoon;
With short relief, his gathered grief
Revives, alas! full soon.

'Wo worth the day! my noble boy!
My Only! for with thee
Hath perished all that wrought me joy:
Now welcome, misery!'

No more he said, but bowed his head,
And stricken was his brain:
Forever more, through many a year,
His heart was locked to words of cheer,—
He never smiled again.

Osining. (N.Y.)

c T.

THE ROCK AND THE SKELETON.

BY KIT KELVIN.

TUMBLLED together, and expressing the vast sublimity of the ALMIGHTY, is the range of mountains in Western Massachusetts. Hard toil and continuous industry have shorn their rugged peaks here and there of their primeval dress, and given creature comforts to man ; fed the mad engine tearing along below, throwing its shrill thanks in its lightning speed, to its towering provider far above ; made red the glowing furnaces that melt the ore for all mechanisms, and imparted cheer and gladness among the family circles that nestle in the green valleys far down their beetling crags. The home of the bear and the lair of the fox have been routed by the chopper's shanty, and the silence that once was, is now forever broken by the woodman's axe and the rude song of the driver.

As formerly, there is still, a strange fancy inducing many to pitch their tents and take up their abode high above the babbling brook and soft valley in the fastnesses of the mountains, where, stranger still, between the struggles of nature and the determined will of man a maintenance is derived ; but not accompanied with the palatable trimmings of easier life. Among these mountaineers you find endurance with patience, generosity without the ampleness of means, and a certain intelligence applicable to such cases of emergencies as are often transpiring among them. There are instances, also, but more, formerly, than now, where the cultivated mind fled hither for a city of refuge, to linger in solitude as a penance for early transgressions, or to shut from one the world in which neither affiliation nor gratitude has been found.

Among the earlier settlers of this range there were two families, Berry and Perrôt. The former was much the elder in residence by many years. He had selected a locality between two peaks on a rising ground, and which over-looked a small portion of the valley, while above and around him was nothing but tree and rock. Eccentric in manners, he was rarely seen in the settlement, and in all his necessitous intercourse with mankind, showed unmistakable repugnance to forming any friendly relations. Various rumors were put in circulation. That he had been a Cain, and had done dark deeds upon the high seas, and had fled inland with his booty, as well to secure it as himself. No one doubted his uncommon intelligence, and his bearing was like one who had seen and known much of the great wide world. Connected with his natural and unvariable taciturnity, was another circumstance which the artless inhabitants below him construed into mystery, and which led them to look upon this man Berry as 'no better than he should be.' It was his daughter who comprised his entire family ; Lina by name, and a maiden possessing great personal beauty and attraction. Her complexion was more of the land of the olive and the vine, than the rough climate of the north. She was the sole mistress of the mountain-hut.

and bore this unnatural solitude without complaint. She loved her father, and Lina, in her beauty, was to be admired in her obedience.

Berry had been established in the mountain, some years the sole resident of the peak. Below and around him the world gathered its usual fragrance and poison — with him a matter of indifference. There existed but one medium between perfect solitude and civilization. This was one Hack Williams, a well-known hunter of the region. Hack (as he was familiarly called) was a blunt woodsman, ignorant yet shrewd, cunning and cool, and very jealous of his reputation as a successful marksman.

West, and beyond Berry's, was a famous hunting-ground, known as 'Slaughter-Field,' where Hack pursued his wild life with undiminished success. It was here where Hack and Berry first met. The hunter had just brought his fox to the ground, and was putting down a charge of whiskey for luck, as Berry came upon him. And there, face to face, stood two beings, in this mountain solitude of peculiar and diverse character; the one like a sealed book, the other, candid, blunt, cool, and undaunted. Berry looked upon Hack with the eye of an eagle; while the intrepid woodsman, still holding the flask to his lips, eyed the approacher with the same calmness with which his eye was wont to rest upon his barrel that spoke death to his game. As he pouched his cup, Hack broke the silence:

'If you do n't wish to jine, yourn is n't a kindred sperrit. What's your name? *Mine* is Hack Williams, a feller ready to do a pious or a devilish arrant, as the natur' of the case may be.'

Berry stood, still reading Hack with that scrutiny which had so far served him. At length, stepping forward, he extended his right hand:

'Hack! I believe you. I should like to know more of you.'

'The devil you should! If your name is *Berry*, I can't understand why you want to know me. They say you hate God's manufacture in the shape of man. Say! how is it? If your name is n't Berry, beg pardon for talking so plain.'

'You have guessed right, Hack. The ALMIGHTY writes a legible hand on every man's face, and if I can read his chirography right, I can trust you, eh?'

'Do n't know nothing 'bout *kierog-raffy*, and *leetle* 'bout God; but I kin tell you, so far as my interest goes, you can go a *trifle* over your length on a trust. Human natur' is human natur' the world over, 'spose. Hullo! there's old Bet!'

At this moment Hack's hound sounded up the ridge, and throwing his fox over his shoulder, he started for the point.

It was this seeming indifference that hastened Berry to a parley, and calling after the hunter, requested an interview with him at his hut on the following night.

'I know where 'tis,' came back his reply.

The name of the other family, as I have before mentioned, was Perrôt, consisting of father, mother, and son — Pierre. The former had come from France in early life with his father, who had suddenly died upon the voyage, leaving him to push his fortune alone in a strange country. He had supposed his father's purse was heavier than he

found it on arrival at port, and he could not dismiss uneasy surmises as to the correctness of the captain's conduct in regard to the whole affair. He had, however, no tangible proof to aid him, and a new land to discourage him withal, he had allowed the matter to pass. Entering into trade, he had prospered and married, but, subsequently, speculations had reduced him, and he had sought this mountain for a little investment and retirement. He had been upon the ridge but a few months previous to Hack's interview with Berry.

Pierre was young and enthusiastic ; of slight figure ; agile, and well calculated to mould himself to a mountain life. He had often met Hack in the settlement as well as upon the peaks, and both entertained for each other a brotherly feeling. Hack thought Pierre a gentle, generous youth, vastly above him in education, to which he did not object, willing to adapt himself to present circumstances, and a *protégé* for the field, which exceedingly pleased Hack, inasmuch as he was considered the hunter of that region. Pierre saw in Hack a daring man, cool in danger ; one in whom he could trust, and in a fearful emergency worthy of all confidence. Hack was strong at the bottle, but never with excess, and Pierre, like all young men, partook as were the contingencies. They often met at the valley hostelry, and while one delighted the other with hair-breadth 'scapes of a hunter's life, Pierre charmed Hack with his flowing words descriptive of La belle France, its vineyards and dark-eyed grisettes, as he had received it from his father.

Perrôt had chosen a locality above a mile west and beyond Berry, with an ample and delightful view of the valley. Hard by his house ran a mountain rill, clear, musical, and sweet its waters ; while north, an unobstructed view gave him continual evidences of life below him. Two high ridges, with their ragged caps, intervened between himself and Berry, and as the latter's taciturnity was known by Perrôt, he had sought no interview, and they had never met.

Such were the relative circumstances existing between the two mountain families at the time of the interview of Hack and Berry on 'Slaughter Field.'

During the following day Hack as many times hesitated, and as many times concluded to visit Berry ; but finally decided to know the wish of the misanthrope, and turned his face toward his abode. He arrived at the village hostelry at the foot of the mountain at night-fall, where he found Pierre, an unexpected meeting to both parties.

'Glad to see you, Hack. How is this ?'

'Wal, I have a kind of *serous, religious* arrant just above,' putting his eye up the mountain ; 'Berry has invited me to tea with him,' shutting his mouth closely ; 'but I think natur might be lifted leetle bit better here. Come, Uncle Bill's flip is better than raw water,' and taking Pierre by the arm, Hack ordered the slings. Smacking his lips over the glass, Hack looked Pierre full in the face :

'Own up, boy ! something 's on your mind. Sick, or turning pious ?'

'Hack, you are blunt, rough, and meddlesome to-night. But if you are for the mountain, we will go together.' And Pierre finishing the glass, settled his cap upon his head and left the room, followed by Hack.

'Wal, Pierre, say I'm blunt as an ash sprout—it's true; I'm nobody but Hack Williams, but I've got jest as strong a hand and as stout a heart as them fellers who have fine coats and soft hands, and if you did n't call it kind o' bragging, I should say an almighty sight more in my favor.'

'So you have, old fellow. I meant nothing. Do you know old Berry has a pretty daughter?'

'Umph! knew 't was a gal affair. Wal, what of that? Are you afraid to do your own kissing?'

'Wish I was in your place to-night.'

'Aint *jellus*?'

'No! But, Hack, I wish you would take some observations, and if it comes convenient, put in a word for me.'

'Sposing I should go hankering arter her myself?'

'Then good-by to old 'Sure Hit.'

'Got me there, boy! Now that are gun and myself never part company till death doth us sever, as some of your big writers say. I do n't know but 't was one of those holy fellers. Wal, what shall I say to her in case I see the gal?'

'You can judge better at the time, Hack. But bear me in mind and come over my way and stay with me to-night.'

'Wal! now *that*'s human. Think I *will*. I'll kind o' look at her and think of you.'

As the twain separated Hack soliloquized:

'I see! Guess it's a kind of courting counsel Berry wants to see me for. Must have been recently converted. Getting civilized at last.'

Arriving at the hut, Hack knocked. The door was opened by Lina.

Now Hack was no gallant; boasted of no beauty, and thought more of a gun than a girl. But when this mountain-maiden stood before him in all the simplicity of unadorned beauty, and spoke to him in a gentle tone, he was entirely confounded. Instead of pursuing a very natural inquiry for her father, he stood and gazed upon the girl with wonder and delight.

'Gosh! how pretty! He said she was.'

'Is this Mr. Williams?' interrupted the blushing damsel.

'W-w-why yes. How'd *you* know? Ha! ha! yes! Hack Williams.'

'My father expects you to-night and you will find him at the little falls above.'

'Do you know Pierre?'

'I have seen him, Sir.'

'Wal! I do n't wonder at it. He's taken a liking to you—so 've I as for that matter—but I'm too old; and he's a nice boy, and—beg pardon—you're a nicer gal. If you want enny help I'm ready. Kind o' hope *can* help you. Wal! do you like Pierre?'

Lina hardly knew what to answer; but rallying herself and the ingenuity of her sex immediately presenting itself, she replied:

'I should like to see him again, Sir.'

'And you shall, pretty one. Where and when?'

'To-morrow, by the lake, as usual.'

Hack threw out his broad, hard hand :

'There 't is! I'll do any thing for you. I 'spose there 's angels, and if so, my idee is, they're kind o' like you. But if they're all so pretty, could n't sarve 'em all 'like. But I should just lief die doing on 't. That 's honest.'

The bewildered hunter turned, and Lina closing the door, sat looking steadfastly at — nothing.

The lake Lina spoke of was half-a-mile from her father's — a wild, lonesome, romantic place, rarely visited, as there was no living thing in its waters; hemmed in by moss-grown trees, saving a space of some three rods, in which, alone, was a gigantic oak. At its base was a ponderous quartz rock and within a few feet of the water. The rock was partially against the oak, and beneath it the earth had been displaced, as if the little lake had once been 'troubled' and sought but in vain to undermine it — succeeding partially, however, and forming a shelter of some six feet square.

It was here Pierre first surprised Lina, and they had made it their place of meeting since.

Hack followed the little run up some fifty rods to the falls and found Berry waiting his approach.

'Well, Hack!'

'I'm here,' and putting his rifle upon the ground and resting his chin upon its muzzle, he stood looking at his new-made acquaintance.

'You may think it trifling, Hack, on my part, as well as putting you to trouble for my benefit, in requesting this meeting, but you left me so suddenly yesterday I could say no more then.'

'Wal! so far there 's no hurt done.'

'Do you know the family west of me on the second ridge?'

'Some.'

'Is there a young man in the house?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know *him*?'

'Yes.'

'A son?'

'B'lieve so.'

'What is the name?'

'Perrôt.'

'Perrôt!'

'Yes; I said so. Any thing strange about it?'

'Hack, are you willing to do me a favor?'

'Ginerally speaking, warped that way, all things being equal.'

'I have a daughter —'

'Just seen her.'

'She is young, and I am in no situation to lose her. This young man,' throwing his hand westward, 'is, I fear, bedeviling her. It must be stopped. I desire no intercourse with the family.'

'Wal, you want me to tell 'em-so?'

'I do!'

'Wal, Sir, I mind my own business and transact it too. I never meddle.'

'But, Hack, it is not necessary for me to explain.'
'Do n't want you should. Have n't axed you.'
'Well, but you have no objection?'
'Wal! 'tis n't *my* business, and I'm no school-boy to be sent from school-ma'am a rectifying mistakes.'
'But I will pay you.'
'Then — swear I won't — I can't be bo't *no* how.'
'You are obstinate, Hack.'
'*You* aint, of course.'
'Do me this favor, carry it out, and ask me any in return.'
'Sposing I ax you for your gal?'
'That is unreasonable. Cannot be granted.'
Hack threw his rifle upon his shoulder: 'Seen any game 'bout to-day?'

'One that *will* be game has been about.'
'There's allays *two* if there's one.'
Berry looked intently into the stream. 'Think of what I have said. I want no trouble, but I shall *make* it if necessary. Here is money for the inn!'

'Thank ye — never use the article.'
Hack followed the path through the woods and over the mountain until he came out near Perrôt's house. Putting a whistle to his lips, soon after a rustle among the ferns announced some one's approach. It was Pierre.

'Halloa, Hack!'
'Got into devil of a fuss. Berry'll cut your heart out if you love any harder. Ha! ha!'
'A hard old quid. Did he speak of me?'

'See here, Pierre, that gal's a beauty! But I can't see her again; made me crazy; do n't know what I said, but I rather think she'll call me an old fool. There now, 'most forgot it. The little creature wants to see you to-morrow, as usual — eh! boy — *as usual*! Seen her before! Kind o' sly. But do n't blame you, lucky dog!' And Hack whispered into Pierre's ear: 'You are no spunk if you're scared off so. Steal the gal and run away!'

Hack had left Berry in a disappointed, unsatisfied, revengeful mood. He could but admire the hunter for his blunt candor, and considered him a faithful ally if he could secure his confidence. This he greatly desired, and he hoped on consideration Hack would eventually deliver his verbal errand.

Lina, in her artlessness, had told her father of meeting a young man, else he would have been ignorant of the fact. He had said nothing to her in reply, and as he had not expressed his commands and as Pierre was gentlemanly and enthusiastic in his language and honest in his requests, she had allowed herself to build fancy castles, dwelling with pleasure upon the interviews. The comeliness of Pierre and the romance of the meetings were material aids to him. Neither did Lina suppose her father would eventually object if matters progressed agreeably to her. However, she had concluded to say nothing more upon the subject, at least for the present.

That Berry had his own and peculiar reasons for his demurring, was evident. He could not endure any obstacle to thwart him in his designs, and he had determined upon a policy to be followed before he left the falls.

There was one expression used by Berry, Hack could not forget, and although a blunt woodsman, he thought he read Berry sufficiently to warrant a supposition that he was a dark, mysterious man, obstinate, reckless, and desperate. He had met the hint in his epigrammatic style, but he feared its meaning. So strong were his feelings, he resolutely decided to follow the word with the action, if requisite.

The more Pierre thought of Lina, the more fearless he became in his determinations. He knew in Hack he had a friend to be trusted and fully relied upon, in case of an emergency. Hack gave Pierre some hints suggestive of a careful course to be pursued in his actions, and had promised all necessary assistance, for he surmised Berry would resort to extreme measures if the interviews with his daughter were continued by Pierre. He was also satisfied Lina favored Pierre, and he was hopeful in the latter's energy and the former's endurance for a peaceful result. At the same time, he could hardly reconcile his sympathy in urging Pierre to proceed in face of Berry's threats.

Hack's advice to 'steal the gal and run away' was seriously entertained by Pierre, and he met the engagement at the oak by the lake resolved to discover Lina's feelings upon the subject. This course, however, was not countenanced by the maiden. She had advised a postponement, trusting that in time her father would recognize her wishes, inasmuch as he had not as yet opposed her by his commands. It was through Pierre she had learned of his dissatisfaction, but she could still conscientiously persist in her regard toward Pierre from the fact that her father had said nothing to her upon the subject.

Thus the matter remained through the summer months. Hack was occasionally inquisitive and always watchful. He had made it a duty, so far as he could, to stand guard and protect Pierre, and was very often sentinel at a respectful distance when the lovers met.

The uniform silence of Berry toward his daughter on the subject of her attachment, as also his silence toward the hunter concerning his request, augured nothing favorable, as Hack construed it. It rather preyed upon his honest mind, and his heart smote him forebodingly.

Autumn had dawned upon the mountains, and the golden days of October had come with his garb of bright variety. The tender leaves of the maple he had wooed with carmine, and the nodding sumach tossed her red tassels at his approach. Silence and beauty reigned harmoniously upon the wooded peaks, while the mountain rills tumbled down in whirling bubbles and diminutive cascades to the larger streams below, as if in haste to save their pearly waters from the rude grasp of winter, so high up from all sympathy and remembrance.

Who does not love Autumn? With its fragrance; with its treasures of beauty; with its brown nuts and russet apples; with its bracing morns; its genial meridians, and its mild, speaking evenings of moonlight! The wrinkles of silver hair deepen in quiet pleasure as the dimmed eye looks out upon the great easel of God, checkered by

His almighty hand all over with charmed beauty. The young enthusiast, so full of wandering thought, wild to express in glowing eloquence his ardent feelings, grows giddy with the burden of sweet intoxication and imbecile in action. The gentle voices of girls ring like silver bells, and the prattling baby turns a wistful face to ruddy cheeks and laughs valiantly at the young master who has shot in to 'hurrah!' and fly out again.

Reader, your hand! Am I excusable?

Lina had grown strong in her love, and had been encouraging Pierre with her hopeful expressions of the future when she was even then standing upon the threshold beyond which lay nothing but crushed and mangled hopes and affections.

Berry had silently arranged his domestic matters, and had informed Lina of his wishes that she should visit some distant friends upon the sea-board for a few weeks. The change was agreeable to her, if she could but see Pierre to inform him. But she could not induce her father to postpone the journey for a day, this being the one they were to meet by the ponderous rock.

It was with a sad and reluctant heart Lina followed her father to the settlement for her departure. Her eyes full of tears, closely scanned the western mountain, but there was no Pierre to wave her a loving adieu.

And so Lina had gone, and alone. Berry was now the sole occupant of his hut.

It was a charming day, and Pierre, elated with the anticipated meeting, was waiting with great impatience for the hour; and when it came, his feet sped rapidly to the trysting spot. Breathless and expectant he arrived, but instead of his gentle Lina, Berry stood before him. Their eyes met. The one all astonishment and bitter disappointment, the other glaring with revengeful hate.

'Young man! I have sent you warnings, but you have mocked me. If you believe in a God, talk to Him now, for neither Lina nor your own peak shall you ever see again.'

Uniting the action to the threat, Berry immediately plunged a poniard to the heart of his innocent victim. Poor Pierre turned an imploring look from the dark face of the murderer to Heaven, reeled and fell. It was but the work of a few minutes that the corpse of Pierre was buried beneath the rock upon the very spot he had kissed his vows to Lina. Coolly wiping the blood from the dagger, and washing his hands in the lake, Berry muttered: 'One more and peace, and by heavens it shall so be!'

He slept as well that night as he had for thirty years.

Pierre's absence created no uneasiness to his father, as he had often passed nights in the valley; but not coming through the following day, he began to feel some solicitude.

It was with pleasure that he hailed Hack, who just then came in.

'Where's Pierre?' was his blunt inquiry.

'I know not, Hack. He has been absent since day before yesterday.'

Hack started, while a sudden pallor ran over his browned features

'That was the very day I could not come.'

'He *may* be in the valley, but I cannot think what should keep him so long.'

'Guess not. I looked in at 'Uncle Bill's, was n't there, nor had n't been there.'

At this Perrôt was sadly at ease, and Hack's coolness and presence of mind were exerted to the utmost to appease the father. He knew Lina had gone. This had been told him at the hostelry, but he had refrained from telling Perrôt, who, as yet, had not surmised his son's attachment to Berry's daughter. But circumstances had now made it necessary for Hack to unfold the secret, which he did to Perrôt's utter astonishment. They concluded that the father should see Berry, while Hack should proceed to the settlement, and if possible, discover if Pierre had followed Lina.

There was but little rest to either party that night. Hack was finding the body of Pierre, for he had quite determined the deed had been accomplished, while Perrôt was vainly pursuing his fugitive son in *his* search for Lina.

Upon the morrow, pursuant to the compact, Perrôt took the winding path toward Berry's, while Hack hurried to the valley. Flying with the speed of a hound accustomed to the chase, he had satisfied himself that Pierre had not gone after Lina. In such an event he would have been consulted.

Perrôt, arriving at Berry's, found the door locked, with no signs of occupancy. Following a path, he was pushing his way blindly toward the fatal rock. Occasionally his anxious heart would prompt him to hail his son, but the echo of his voice came back as his only answer. He proceeded until he came out upon the lake by the shore of which appeared a figure. It was Berry, who turned to know the intruder.

For a moment there was utter silence, while a searching look passed between the two.

'Is this Mr. Berry, or Captain Percy of The Two Brothers?'

'The devil take your memory;' and a slight shadow passed over Berry's face as he advanced.

In an instant the voyage, the death of his father, and its consequent losses, shot through Perrôt's mind, as he replied:

'Was not one enough that you should seek to make me sonless? Captain Percy, tell me where my son *is*; for as true as God you know!'

'So shall you,' shouted Berry, as he sprang upon Perrôt.

The powerful hand of the murderer pushed him to the earth, and as the glittering dagger, so recently wet with another's blood, was uplifted for its fatal thrust, a vice-like gripe was upon Berry's arm. The weapon fell from his clutch as he turned to meet the unflinching glare of Hack Williams' eye.

'Double-damned villain! Hack's here!'

The two closed in mortal combat. Both were powerful, of great muscular endurance, and reckless as to results. For a time, victory seemed equal; but Hack, rallying with a desperate and superhuman effort, turned his antagonist, and firmly fixing his hand upon Berry's throat, held and crushed it until the soul of the unanointed had appeared before his God; and long after, he sat upon the body with the eye of a

demon, flashing the bitterness of unmitigated hate. Slowly rising to his feet, and looking at Perrôt, he grasped the lifeless corpse and hurled it far into the waters of the peaceful lake.

'To hell ! or your own place, as *Scripturs* say. I have done my duty. Yes ! for once Hack Williams has done right.'

Years have passed, and with them all connected with this tragedy. The peaks are no longer solitudes, and parties of pleasure often visit this mountain-lake. On one of these visits, while preparing a repast, the remains of a human skeleton were discovered buried below the shelf of the rock. They were the bones of poor Pierre ; the Rock and the Skeleton.

V E R M O N T G I R L S .

LET Eastern climes boast brighter skies,
And maids of Georgian birth ;
They can't compare with Yankee girls
In beauty, wit, and worth.
Their hearts are free as mountain breeze
That dallies with their curls,
And wanton wave the tresses rich
Of our Green Mountain girls !

On every sloping, green hill-side
Their graceful forms are straying,
Like ARTEMIS on Cynthus' slopes,
With wood-nymphs round her playing.
And in our meadows and our groves,
The sprightly, elfin creatures
Are sporting, like Oreades,
With sylph-like forms and features.

Within the depths of each bright eye
A rogueish light is lying,
And on each blooming ruddy cheek
The rose and lily vying.
As sports the glancing sunbeams on
The dancing, gleaming water,
So play the smiles on ruby lips
Of each Green Mountain daughter.

My love of Nature's varied scenes
All other love surpasses,
Except my love for pretty girls —
Vermont's fair bonnie lasses,
Who bloom within our mountain homes,
Our hearths their presence lighting ;
Anon, their troth to suing wights
At HYMEN's altar plighting.

KARL KERN.

I S A B E L .

I.

We grow too circumspect and chill;
The world is cautious how it seems;
Love hides himself for fear of ill,
And feels at home alone in dreams.

II.

Young HUMAN NATURE breathes with pain,
Within the straight abode of ART;
We meet and talk from brain to brain,
But stir no current of the heart.

III.

Yet 't is but daylight brings restraint,
And dries the soul's divinest streams;
The soul in sleep denies the feint,
And kindred spirits meet in dreams.

IV.

And thou thyself art part of all,
O cold, complacent ISABEL!
The staring world has made thee thrall,
And bribed thy heart no tales to tell.

V.

And he who sees thee pass me by
With scanty welcome, little deems
That calm indifference a lie —
But thou art true alone in dreams.

VI.

For when the world with day has flown,
Love comes and sets our hearts in tune;
I clasp thee, IZZIE, all my own,
And lips and souls hold sweet commune.

VII.

Our spirits murmuring each to each,
Anticipate congenial themes;
Our deepest faiths find freest speech,
For words and thoughts are one in dreams.

VIII.

And, IZZIE, hast thou not some morn,
Such dreams as these to recollect,
That laugh thy unconcern to scorn,
And serve to temper thy neglect?

IX.

And wilt thou crush such memories,
And disregard these heavenly gleams?
Then live among hypocrisies,
And I will live in blessed dreams.

S. S. S.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Fog clears Up — The One Idea not comprehended by the American Mind — A June Morning in the Province — The Beginning of the Evangelical — Intuitive Perception of Genius — The Forest Primeval — Acadian Peasants — A Negro Settlement — Deer's Castle — The Road to Chezzetcook — Acadian Scenery — A Glance at the Early History of Acadia — First Encroachments of the English — The Harbor and Village of Chezzetcook — Etc., etc.

THE celebration being over, the fog cleared up. Loyalty furlled her flags; the civic authorities were silent; the signal-telegraph was put upon short allowance. But the 'Alligoniion papers next day were loaded to the muzzle with typographical missiles. From them we learned there had been a great amount of enthusiasm displayed at the celebration, and 'every thing had passed off happily in spite of the weather.' 'Old Chebucto' was right side up, and then she quietly sparkled out again.

There is one solitary idea, and only one, not comprehensible by the American mind. I say it feebly, but I say it fearlessly, there is an idea which does not present any thing to the American mind but a blank. Every metaphysical dog has worried the life out of every abstraction but this. I strike my stick down, cross my hands, and rest my chin upon them, in support of my position. Let any body attempt to controvert it! 'I say, that in the American mind, there is no such thing as the conception even, of an idea of tranquillity! I once for a little repose, went to a 'quiet New-England village,' as it was called, and the first thing that attracted my attention there was a statement in the village paper, that no less than twenty persons in that quiet place had obtained patent-rights for inventions and improvements during the past year. They had been in every thing, from an apple-parer to a steam-engine. In the next column was an article 'on capital punishment,' and the leader was thoroughly fired up with a bran-new project for a rail-road to the Pacific. That day I dined with a member of Congress, a peripatetic lecturer, and the principal citizens of the township, and took the return cars at night amid the glare of a torch-light procession. Repose, forsooth! Why the great busy city seemed to sing lullaby, after the shock of that quiet New-England village.

But in this quaint, mouldy old town, one *can* get an idea of the calm and the tranquil — especially after a celebration. It has been said: 'Halifax is the only place that is finished.' One can readily believe it. The population has been twenty-five thousand for the last twenty-five years, and a new house is beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The fog cleared up. And one of those inexpressibly balmy days fol-

lowed. June in Halifax represents our early May. The trees are all in bud ; the peas in the garden-beds are just marking the lines of drills with faint stripes of green. Here and there a solitary bird whets his bill on the bare bark of a forked bough. The chilly air has departed, and in its place is a sense of freshness, of dewiness, of fragrance and delight. A sense of these only, an instinctive feeling, that anticipates the odor of the rose before the rose is blown. On such a morning we went forth to visit Chezzetcook, and here, gentle reader, beginneth the Evangeliad.

The intuitive perception of genius is its most striking element. I was told by a traveller and an artist, who had been for nearly twenty years on the north-west coast, that he had read Irving's 'Astoria' as a mere romance, in early life, but when he visited the place itself, he found that *he was reading the book over again*; that Irving's descriptions were so minute and perfect, that he was at home in Astoria, and familiar, not only with the country, but with individuals residing there ; 'for,' said he, 'although many of the old explorers, trappers, and adventurers described in the book were dead and gone, yet I found the descendants of those pioneers had the peculiar characteristics of their fathers ; and the daughter of Concomly, whom I met, was as interesting an historical personage at home as Queen Elizabeth would have been in Westminster Abbey. At Vancouver's Island,' said the traveller, 'I found an old dingy copy of the book itself, embroidered and seamed with interlineations and marginal notes of hundreds of pens, in every style of chirography, yet all attesting the faithfulness of the narrative. I would have given any thing for that copy, but I do not believe I could have purchased it with the price of the whole island.'

What but that wonderful element of genius, *intuitive perception*, could have produced such a book ? Irving was never on the Columbia river, never saw the north-west coast. 'The materials were furnished him from the log-books and journals of the explorers themselves,' says Dr. Dryasdust. True, my learned friend, but suppose I furnish you with pallet and colors, with canvas and brushes, the materials of art, will you paint me as I sit here, and make a living, breathing picture, that will survive my ashes for centuries ? 'I have not the genius of the artist,' replies Dr. Dryasdust. Then, my dear Doctor, we will put the materials aside for the present, and venture a little farther with our theory of 'intuitive perception.'

Longfellow never saw the Acadian Land, and yet thus his pastoral begins :

'This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.'

This is the opening line of the poem : this is the striking feature of Nova-Scotia scenery. The shores welcome us with waving masses of foliage, but not the foliage of familiar woods. As we travel on this hilly road to the Acadian settlement, we look up and say, 'This is the forest primeval,' but it is the forest of the poem, not that of our childhood. There is not, in all this vast greenwood, an oak, an elm, a chestnut, a beech, a cedar or maple. For miles and miles, we see nothing against the clear blue sky but the spiry tops of evergreens ; or perhaps,

a gigantic skeleton, 'a rampike,' pine or hemlock, seathed and spectral, stretches its gaunt outline above its fellows. Spruces and firs, such as adorn our gardens, cluster in never-ending profusion, an aromatic and unwonted odor pervades the air — the spicy breath of resinous balsams. Sometimes the sense is touched with a new fragrance, and presently we see a buckthorn, white with a thousand blossoms. These, however, only meet us at times. The distinct and characteristic feature of the forest is conveyed in that one line of the poet.

And yet another feature of the forest primeval presents itself, not less striking and unfamiliar. From the dead branches of those skeleton pines and hemlocks, those *rampikes*, hang masses of white moss, snow-white, amid the dark verdure. You might wear such a beard in King Lear. Acadian children wore such to imitate 'grandpère' centuries ago; Cowley's trees are 'Patricians,' these are Patriarchs.

—— 'THE murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hour with beards that rest on their bosoms.'

We are re-reading Evangeline line by line. And here, at this turn of the road, we encounter two Acadian peasants. The man is in an old tarpaulin hat, home-spun worsted shirt, and tarry canvas trowsers; innovation has certainly changed him, in costume at least, from the Acadian of our fancy; but the pretty brown-skinned girl beside him, with lustrous eyes, and soft black hair under her hood, with kirtle of antique form, and petticoat of holiday homespun, is true to tradition. There is nothing modern in the face or drapery of that figure. She might have stepped out of Normandy yesterday, that is, if yesterday were the day before the sailing of the May-Flower.

'WEARING her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.'

Alas! the ear-rings have departed! worn out with age: but save them, the picture is very true to the life. As we salute them, we learn they have been on their way since dawn from distant Chezzet-cook: the man speaks English with a strong French accent; the maiden only the language of her people on the banks of the Seine.

'FAIR was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side:
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses.'

Who can help repeating the familiar words of the idyl amid such scenery, and in such a presence?

'We are now approaching a Negro settlement,' said my *compagnon de voyage* after we had left the Acadians; 'and we will take a fresh horse at Deer's Castle; this is rough travelling.' In a few minutes we saw a log house perched on a bare bone of granite that stood out on a ragged hill-side, and presently another cabin of the same kind came in view. Then other scare-crow edifices wheeled in sight as we drove

along ; all forlorn, all patched with mud, all perched on barren knolls, or gigantic bars of granite, high up, like ragged redoubts of poverty, armed at every window with a formidable artillery of old hats, rolls of rags, quilts, carpets, and indescribable bundles, or barricaded with boards to keep out the air and sun-shine. 'You do not mean to say those wretched hovels are occupied by living beings?' said I to my companion. 'Oh! yes,' he replied, with a quiet smile, 'these are your people, your *fugitives*.' 'But surely,' said I, 'they do not live in those airy nests during your intensely cold winters?' 'Yes,' replied my companion, 'and they have a pretty hard time of it. Between you and I,' he continued, 'they are a miserable set of devils; they won't work, and they shiver it out here as well as they can. During most of the year they are in a state of abject want, and then they are very humble. But in the berry season they make a little money, and while it lasts are fat and saucy enough. We can't do any thing with them, they won't work. There they are in their cabins, just as you see them, a poor, wo-begone set of vagabonds; a burthen upon the community; of no use to themselves, nor to any body else.'

'Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, here in his happy valley.'

'Now then,' said my companion, as this trite quotation was passing through my mind! The wagon had stopped in front of a little weather-beaten house that kept watch and ward over an acre of greensward, broken ever and anon with a projecting bone of granite, and not only fenced with stone, but dotted also with various mounds of pebbles, some as large as a paving-stone, and some much larger. This was 'Deer's Castle.' In front of the castle was a swing-sign with an inscription:

'WILLIAM DEER, who lives here,
Keeps the best of wine and beer,
Brandy, and cider, and other good chear;
Fish, and ducks, and moose, and deer,
Caught, or shot in the woods just here,
With cutlets, or steaks, as will appear;
If you will stop you need not fear
But you will be well treated by WILLIAM DEER,
And by Mrs. DEER, his dearest, deary dear!'

I quote from memory. The precise words have escaped me, but the above is the substance of the sense, and the metre is accurate.

It was a little weather-beaten shanty of boards, that clung like flakes to the frame-work. A show-box of a room, papered with select wood-cuts from *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*, was the grand banquet-hall of the castle. And indeed it was a castle compared with the wretched redoubts of poverty around it. Here we changed horses, or rather we exchanged our horse, for a diminutive, bantam pony, that, under the supervision of 'Bill,' was put inside the shafts and buckled up there to the very roots of the harness. This Bill, the son and heir of the Castellan, was a good-natured yellow boy, about fifteen years of age, with such a development of under-lip and such a want of development else-

where, that his head looked like a scoop. There was an infinite fund of humor in Billy, an uncontrollable sense of the comic, that would break out in spite of his grave endeavors to put himself under guard. It exhibited itself in his motions and gestures, in the flourish of his hands as he buckled up the pony, in the looseness of his gait, the swing of his head, and the roll of his eyes. His very language was pregnant with mirth; thus: 'Bill!' 'Cheh, cheh, Sir? cheh.' 'Is your father at home?' 'Cheh, cheh, father? cheh, cheh.' 'Yes, your father?' 'Cheh, cheh, at home, Sah? cheh.' 'Yes, is your father at home?' 'I guess so, cheh, cheh.' 'What is the matter with you; Bill? what are you laughing about?' 'Cheh, cheh, I don't know, Sah, cheh, cheh.' 'Well, take out the horse and put in the pony, we want to go to Chizzencook.' 'Cheh, Cheh'z'ncook? Yes Sah,' and so with that facetious gait and droll twist of the elbow, Bill swings himself against the horse and unbuckles him in a perpetual jingle of merriment. 'And this,' said I to my companion, as we looked from the door-step of the shanty upon the spiry tops of evergreens in the valley below us, and at the wretched log-huts that were roosting up on the bare rocks around us, 'this is the Negro settlement?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'And are all the Negro settlements in Nova Scotia as miserable as this?' 'Yes,' he answered; 'you can tell a Negro settlement at once by its appearance.' 'Then,' I thought to myself, 'I would for poor Cuffee's sake, that much-vaunted British sympathy and British philanthropy had something better to show to an admiring world than the prospect around Deer's Castle.'

Notwithstanding the very generous banquet spread before the eyes of the traveller, on the sign-board, we were compelled to dismiss the pleasant fiction of the poet upon the announcement of Mrs. Deer, that 'Nathin was in de house 'cept bacon,' and she 'reckoned' she 'might have an egg or two by de time we got back from Chizzincook.' 'But you have plenty of trout here in these streams?' 'Oh! yes, plenty, Sah.' 'Then let Bill catch some trout for us.' And so the pony being strapped up and buckled to the wagon, we left the Negro settlement for the French settlement. They are all in 'settlements,' here, the people of this Province. Centuries are mutable, but prejudices never alter in the Colonies.

But we are again in the Acadian forest — a truce to moralizing — let us enjoy the scenery. The road we are on is but a few miles from the sea-shore, but the ocean is hidden from view by the thick woods. As we ride along, however, we skirt the edges of coves and inlets that frequently break in upon the landscape. There is a chain of fresh-water lakes also along this road; sometimes we cross a bridge over a rushing torrent; sometimes a calm expanse of water, doubling the evergreens at its margin, comes in view; anon a gleam of sapphire strikes through the verdure, and an ocean-bay with its shingly beach curves in and out between the piny slopes. At last we reach the crest of a hill, and at the foot of the road is another bridge, a house, a wharf, and two or three coasters at anchor in a diminutive harbor. This is 'Three Fathom Harbor.' We are within a mile of Chezzetcook.

Now if it were not for Pony we should press on to the settlement,

but we must give Pony a respite. Pony is an enthusiastic little fellow, but his lungs are too much for him, they have blown him out like a bag-pipe. A mile farther and then eleven miles back to Deer's Castle, is a great undertaking for so small an animal. In the mean while, we will ourselves rest and take some 'home-brewed' with the landlord, who is harbor-master, inn-keeper, store-keeper, fisherman, shipper, skipper, mayor, and corporation of Three Fathom Harbor, beside being father of the town, for all the children in it are his own. A draught of foaming ale, a whiff or two from a clay pipe, a look out of the window to be assured that Pony had subsided, and we take leave of the corporate authority of Three Fathom Harbor, and are once more on the road.

One can scarcely draw near to a settlement of these poor refugees without some feelings of pity for the sufferings they have endured; and this spark of pity quickly warms and kindles into indignation when we think of the story of hapless Acadia, the grievous wrong done those simple-minded, harmless, honest people, by the rapacious, free-booting adventurers of merry England, and those precious filibusters, our Pilgrim Fathers.

The early explorations of the French in the young hemisphere which Columbus had revealed to the older half of the world, have been almost entirely obscured by the greater events which followed. Nearly a century after the first colonies were established in New-France, New-England was discovered. I shall not dwell upon the importance of this event, as it has been so often alluded to by historians and others, and indeed I believe it is generally acknowledged now, that the finding of the continent itself would have been a failure had it not been for the discovery of Massachusetts. As this, however, happened long after the establishment of Acadia, and as the Pilgrim Fathers did not interfere with their French neighbors for a surprising length of time, it will be as well not to expatiate upon it at present. In the course of a couple of centuries, or so, I shall have occasion to allude to it, in connection with the story of the neutral French.

In the year 1504, says the Chronicle, some fishermen from Brittany discovered the island that now forms the eastern division of Nova Scotia, and named it 'Cape Breton.' Two years after, Dennys of Harfleur, made a rude chart of the vast sheet of water that stretches from Cape Breton and Newfoundland to the main-land. In 1534 Cartier, sailing under the orders of the French Admiral, Chabot, visited the coast of Newfoundland, crossed the gulf, Dennys had seen and described twenty-eight years before, and took possession of the country around it in the name of the king, his master. As Cartier was recrossing the Gulf on his voyage back, he named the waters he was sailing upon 'St. Lawrence,' in honor of that Saint, whose day chanced to turn up on the calendar at that very happy time. According to some accounts Baron de Lery established a settlement here as early as 1518. One Cartin planted a French colony on the St. Lawrence as early as 1524, and soon after others were formed in Canada and Nova Scotia. In 1535 Cartier again crossed the waters of the Gulf, and following the course of the river, penetrated into the interior until he reached an island upon which was a hill; this he named '*Mont Real*.' Various ex-

peditions followed these first discoverers and explorers, and the coast was from time to time visited by adventurers in pursuit of the fisheries. In 1603 an expedition, under the patronage of Henry IV., sailed for the New World. The leader of this was a Protestant gentleman, by name De Mont. As the people under his command were both Protestants and Catholics, De Mont had permission given in his charter to establish as one of the fundamental laws of the Colony, the free exercise of religious worship, upon condition of settling in the country and teaching the Roman Catholic faith to the savages. Heretofore, all the countries discovered by the French had been called New-France, but in De Mont's patent, that portion of the territory lying east of the Penobscot and embracing the present Provinces of New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and part of Maine was named 'Acadia.'

The little Colony under De Mont flourished in spite of the rigors of the climate, and its commander, with a few men, explored the coast on the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy, as well as the rivers of Maine, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Saco and Casco Bay, and even coasted as far south as the long, hook-shaped cape that is now known in all parts of the world as the famous Cape Cod. In a few years the settlement began to assume a smiling aspect, houses were erected, and lands were tilled, the settlers planted seeds and gathered the increase thereof, gardens sprang out of the wilderness, peace and order reigned everywhere, and the savage tribes around viewed the kind, light-hearted Colonists with admiration and fraternal good-will. It is pleasant to read this part of the chronicle, of their social meetings in the winter at the banqueting hall; of the order of '*Le Bon Temps*,' established by Champlain; of the great pomp and insignia of office (a collar, a napkin and staff) of the grand chamberlain, whose government only lasted for a day, when he was supplanted by another; of their dinners in the sun-shine amid the corn-fields; of their boats, banners, and music on the water; of their gentleness, simplicity, and honest, hearty enjoyments. These halcyon days soon came to an end. The infamous Captain Argall hearing that a number of white people had settled in this hyperborean region, set sail from Jamestown for the Colony, in a ship of fourteen guns, in the midst of a profound peace, to burn, pillage, and slaughter the intruders upon the territory of Virginia! Finding the people unprepared for defence, his enterprise was successful. Argall took possession of the lands in the name of the King of England, laid waste some of the settlements, burned the forts, and under circumstances of peculiar perfidy, induced a number of the poor Acadians to go with him to Jamestown. Here they were treated as pirates, thrown into prison, and sentenced to be executed. Argall, who it seems had some touch of manhood in his nature, upon this confessed to the Governor, Sir Thomas Dale, that these people had a patent from the King of France, which he had stolen from them and concealed, and that they were not pirates, but simply colonists. Upon this, Sir Thomas Dale was induced to fit out an expedition to dislodge the rest of them from Acadia. Three ships were got ready, the brave Captain Argall was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and the first Colony was terminated

by fire and sword before the end of the year. This was in 1613, ten years after the first planting of Acadia.

'Some of the settlers,' says the Chronicle, 'finding resistance to be unavailing, fled to the woods.' What became of them history does not inform us, but with a graceful appearance of candor, relates that the transaction itself 'was not approved of by the court of England, nor represented by that of France.' Five years afterward we find Captain Argall appointed Deputy-Governor of Virginia.

This outrage was the initial letter only of a series that for nearly a century and a half after, made the successive colonists of Acadia the prey of their rapacious neighbors. We shall take up the story from time to time, gentle reader, as we voyage around and through the province. Meanwhile let us open our eyes again upon the present, for just below us lies the village and harbor of Chezzetcook.

A conspiracy of earth and air and ocean had certainly broken out that morning, for the ominous lines of Fog and Mist were hovering afar off upon the boundaries of the horizon. Under the crystalline azure of a summer sky, the water of the harbor had an intensity of color rarely seen, except in the pictures of the most ultra-marine painters. Here and there a green island or a fishing-boat rested upon the surface of the tranquil blue. For miles and miles the eye followed indented grassy slopes, that rolled away on either side of the harbor, and the most delicate pencil could scarcely portray the exquisite line of creamy sand that skirted their edges and melted off in the clear margin of the water. Occasional little cottages nestled among these green banks, not the Acadian houses of the poem, 'with thatched roofs, and dormer windows projecting,' but comfortable, homely-looking buildings of modern shapes, shingled and un-weathercocked. It is only when we enter them that they suddenly become picturesque. There are fences enough, but no cattle visible, no ploughs nor horses. Some of the men are at work in the open air; all in tarpaulin hats, all in tarry canvas trowsers. These are boat-builders and coopers. Simple, honest, and good-tempered enough; you see how courteously they salute us as we ride by them. In front of every house there is a knot of curious little faces; Young Acadia is out this bright day, and although Young Acadia has not a clean face on, yet its hair is of the darkest and softest, and its eyes are lustrous and most delicately fringed. Yonder is one of the veterans of the place, so we will tie Pony to the fence, and rest here.

'Fine day you have here,' says my companion.

'Oh! yes, oh! yes,' (with great deference and politeness.)

'Can you give us any thing in the way of refreshment? a glass of ale, or a glass of milk?'

'Oh! no;' (with the unmistakable shrug of the shoulders;) 'we no have milk, no have ale, no have brandy, no have nothing here: ah! we very poor peep' here.' (Poor people here.)

'Can we sit down and rest in one of your houses?'

'Oh! yes, oh! yes,' (with great politeness and alacrity;) 'walk in, walk in; we very poor peep', no milk, no brandy: walk in.'

The little house is divided by a partition. The larger half is the

hall, the parlor, kitchen, and nursery in one. A huge fire-place, an antique spinning-wheel, a bench, and two settles, or high-backed seats, a table, a cradle and a baby very wide awake, complete the inventory. In the apartment adjoining is a bin that represents, no doubt, a French bedstead of the early ages. Every thing is suggestive of boat-builders, of Robinson Crusoe work, of undisciplined hands, that have had to do with ineffectual tools. As you look at the walls, you see the house is built of timbers, squared and notched together, and caulked with moss or oakum.

'Very poor peep' here,' says the old man, with every finger in his hands stretched out to deprecate the fact. By the fire-side sits an old woman, in a face all cracked and seamed with wrinkles, like a picture by one of the old masters. 'Yes,' she echoes, 'very poor peep' here, and very cold, too, sometime.' By this time the door-way is entirely packed with little, black, shining heads, and curious faces, all shy, timid, and yet not the less good-natured. Just back of the cradle are two of the Acadian women, 'knitters' i' the sun,' with features that might serve for Palmer's sculptures; and eyes so lustrous, and teeth so white, and cheeks so rich with brown and blush, that if one were a painter and not an invalid, he might pray for canvas and pallet as the very things most wanted in the critical moment of his life. Faed's picture does not convey the Acadian face. The mouth and chin are more delicate in the real than in the ideal Evangeline. If you look again, after the first surprise is over, you will see that these are the traditional pictures, such as we might have fancied they should be, after reading the idyl. From the forehead of each you see at a glance how the dark mass of hair has been combed forward and over the face, that the little triangular Norman cap might be tied across the crown of the head. Then the hair is thrown back again over this, so as to form a large bow in front, then re-tied at the crown with colored ribbons. Then you see it has been plaited in a shining mesh, brought forward again, and braided with ribbons, so that it forms, as it were, a pretty coronet, well-placed above those brilliant eyes and harmonious features. This, with the antique kirtle and picturesque petticoat, is an Acadian portrait. Such is it now, and such it was, no doubt, when De Mont sailed from Havre de Grace, two centuries and a half ago. In visiting this kind and simple people, one can scarcely forget the little chapel. The young French priest was in his garden, behind the little tenement, set apart for him by the piety of his flock, and readily admitted us. A small place indeed was it, but clean and orderly, the altar decorated with toy images, that were not too large for a Christmas table. Yet I have been in the grandest tabernacles of episcopacy with lesser feelings of respect than those which were awakened in that tiny Acadian chapel. Peace be with it, and with its gentle flock!

'Pony is getting impatient,' said my companion, as we reverently stepped from the door-way, 'and it is a long ride to Halifax.' So, with courteous salutation on both sides, we take leave of the good father, and once more are on the road to Deer's Castle.

F U N E R A L O F T H E O L D Y E A R .

BY WM. H. C. HOMER.

A cry at night's weird hour
I heard from sleep awaking;
It was a voice of power
My casement shaking:
The old year breathes his last
On winter's bosom lying;
Be hushed, rude northern blast,
Vex not the dying!'

'He has had his day of joy and grief,
The bursting flower and the withered leaf;
He has woven wreaths for the happy bride,
Shrouds when our loved ones drooped and died;
He has seen a spectre at the feast,
While guests grew wan and the music ceased;
He has sown the seeds of good and ill,
But is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'From frozen sleep he summoned Spring
Bloom and light on the waste to fling,
While snow-drops sprang from their garden-beds,
And violets reared their tender heads;
While skies put on a deeper blue,
And back the robin and swallow flew,
Mingling their notes with the singing rill:
He is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'Can we forget the joyous tune
He played on the golden lyre of June:
When Youth and Love danced hand in hand,
And wide earth seemed all fairy-land;
When butterflies, on rainbow wing,
Around the flowers were fluttering,
While richer green clothed vale and hill?
He is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'He has turned the face of beauty pale,
And on joy bestowed the widow's veil;
He has heard in the hush of evening dim,
The funeral wail and the cradle-hymn;
But to troubled souls he has given calm
To the broken heart a healing balm,
Through fainting hope sent a joyous thrill,
And is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'Much has he seen in his rapid race,
Host charging host, the flight, the chase,

The horse and his rider lowly laid,
Dismounted gun and the broken blade,
And when the fiery strife was o'er
Proud forms lie stiff in their curdling gore,
Deaf to the drum, and bugle shrill:
He is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'He saw the well-manned bark leave port,
Her white wing spread the wind to court.
While syrens warbled in their caves
A song of joy as she walked the waves:
He heard loud shrieks and the grinding shock,
When her keel scraped on the hidden rock:
And vain was the hardy seaman's skill:
He is dying now — rude blast, be still!

'He has seen a scattered household roam
From the darkened hearth of an ancient home:
Abandoned in misfortune's hour,
By friends who worship the golden shower;
Forgetting many a generous deed,
False in the hour of utmost need:
While grasping Avarice crossed the sill
To rule as lord — wild blast, be still!

'He has seen the form that wore a crown
And royal robes, in the dust lie down:
When a greater king his dart let fly
On a pale horse riding grimly by;
For rich and poor, the high and low,
Alike must this ghastly conqueror know;
With Sin he came to work us ill:
Blast of the winter-night, be still!

'He has seen ambition's cherished scheme
Melt away like a fever-dream;
The student, when his hopes were high,
Grow pale by his waning lamp and die;
The soul of the weary bard take wings
While his hand was raised to brush the strings,
The miser slain by his plundered till:
Oh! much has he seen — rude blast, be still!

'Thy pulse beats low, poor dying year!
A young successor hovers near
To wrest the sceptre from thy hand,
And rouse with dance and song the land,
While streets are thronged with a merry crowd,
Bells ringing out a welcome loud,
And Mirth and Joy the wine-cup fill,
Shouting all hail! — rude blast be still!

'Let him snatch the crown from thy faded brow,
He soon will be what thou art now;
A few brief moons will wax and wane,
And thy waiting heir will cease to reign:

He will darkly sleep by thy side at last
 Under the pall of the solemn past;
 The clock strikes twelve, he is dead and gone:
 Blast of the winter night, rave on!

I looked from my window when ended the lay,
 And forms not of earth by the snow-light beheld
 On a shadowy bier bearing swiftly away
 A white-bearded corpse, wan and wrinkled with eld.
 The wind ceased to whistle, and fell on mine ear
 A chaunt that I fancied more touching and wild
 Than the heart-broken sob that we oftentimes hear,
 When a mother keeps watch by a perishing child.

—

Spirit Voices.

'We bear him away to the dim silent land
 Where caves the lorn wrecks of old empires conceal,
 Whose ocean of gloom never breaks on the strand;
 Uncurled by the breeze and unploughed by the keel;
 No sky arches over that boundless domain
 Bespangled with stars like the firmament here,
 And gathered with kings that have long ceased to reign,
 There slumber the patriot, martyr, and seer.

'Thick, brooding vapor shall cover his breast,
 But the crownless and lost shall not moulder alone;
 With the fallen and mighty of old he shall rest,
 While a youthful inheritor mounts to his throne.
 The sceptre is torn from his death-frozen hand,
 No new lease of life will a maker bestow,
 Then away with the dead to that echoless land,
 Where suns never rise and the winds never blow!'

Vanished the phantoms from my view,
 Their wailing voices fainter grew,
 And day-break brought a sound of glee:
 A happy New-Year to thine and thee!
 And a happy New-Year on this festal morn,
 To every being of woman born!
 Let the scattered household meet in mirth
 Once more by the ancient homestead-hearth,
 While the board is spread and their bosoms glow
 To hear the sweet music of long ago;
 Too brief is the scene of this mortal life
 For the bitter word and the causeless strife;
 And may friends who have grown estranged and cold
 Shake hands with the hearty warmth of old.
 The past had its warnings we would not heed:
 Better lives, for the future, let all of us lead:
 Learn that life is a shadow, a vanishing breath,
 And bridge o'er with faith the dark gulf-stream of death.'

December 31, 1856.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

IN WHICH, AFTER SOME LIGHT SKIRMISHING, HE CONCLUDES BY A DESPERATE ENGAGEMENT.

I SUPPOSE most folks who honor Mace Sloper by reading his literary efforts have heard the story of the fellow who went duck-shooting, and who, after getting a first-rate set, kept aiming and aiming and never firing. 'Why in thunder don't you fire?' says a friend. 'Why,' says he, 'I got three or four first-rate sights already—that's a fact; but the minit I'm going to fire there's always another duck comes swimming *right in the way*.'

Well, the story's an old one, but we can make a new application of an old story, as the school-marm said when she spanked the little boy with 'Robinson Crusoe.' And the application I'm going to make is this. There's a certain duck that Mace Sloper's been intending to have a shot at for some time. I've been willing, eager, and anxious to approach the fair subject. Only the day before yesterday there came a letter in which I was politely requested to say something more about her. In fact, I was informed on the best authority, that considerable many readers of these sketches considered it high time that I should learn that the subject in question was an object of admiration to others beside Mace Sloper, and that it was high time for me to fire away. Need I say that the subject in question was Amelia Twiggles?

Of course I need n't; but the fact is, that when I sit down to dilate on that subject, some other notion is mighty apt to strike in and put me out—and I must allow that I'm rather glad to let myself be led astray and carried off on to another road. There are two stages of being in love. In the first a man never talks of any thing else but the lady. He eats her, drinks her, dreams her, makes scripture of her eyes, and feels a call to preach them to every soul he meets, as if nobody before had ever been converted to a good opinion of her beauty. This is the newspaper and kindling-wood stage, when every thing is a-blazing and crackling, blower up and sparks flying like winkey—he himself sparking it all the time, as much as he knows how, while sighs go a-roaring up the chimney, a good deal of the fuel expended turning to smoke and gas, while the solid balance appears at last in a complete love-suit. Then, when the fire begins to regularly *burn*, and the coals settle down, the noise stops. The attention of the world is no longer requested; the fire does its own warming: in plain words, the man who is awfully in love, and fairly settled down in 'attentions,' no longer goes preaching about, but settles down into quiet devotion, and the unostentatious charity of drives, bouquets, small fillipeener jewelry, and other animal, vegetable, and mineral tributes of affection.

The duck which just now swum in and discombobberated my aim,

was a reflection on how much easier it is for some folks to see into things than others, and in how much shorter time than others some folks can make out how a love-suit is a-going to turn out. Thinking about ladies made me reflect on fancy wares in general, and this again turned my undivided attention to the fact that while some men of the 'cute sort can tell at a glance what their sum-total moral and common sense value is, and whether they can hope to marry 'em or not, other fellows can't find out, in a month of Sundays, either one or the other. In like manner there are men who can appraise the value of goods almost at a glance, and take 'count of stock and set down the prices in their head, sooner than the very salesman whose business it is to know all sort of thing. And reflecting on this, puts me in mind of a story of an old chap in Boston, that I and Sam Bachelder and Hiram were talking about only yesterday afternoon.

We were smoking a segar in the Young New-England Club Room, where Sam had dropped in to find Dr. Frank Fisher, with whom we were very soon on a talk, bringing up all sorts of old times in the Bay State.

'Did it ever strike you?' says Hiram, as we went in, 'that there used to be a queer set of jolly old fellows of a very droll sort, some twenty years ago — well, say in Salem, Boston, New-Bedford, Providence, and so on?'

'Where the Penobscot Indian was born?' says Sam; 'all along shore.'

'Where the speckled hens were,' says Dr. Fisher; 'about in spots.'

'Where the weddings were,' says I, 'among the marry-time arrangements.'

'Stop there,' says Hiram. 'Mace, nobody 'll do any worse than that. Well, as I was saying, there used to be a queer old set of boys around in those days. Always running saws on some body, always biting some body deep on a trade, all for the fun of it, never laughing, and always doing every thing in the fear of the Lord, even to selling north-east rum, and holding up the onion-market by the tail. Yes, *Sir*. Did any of you ever know old 'Square Pardon Greene Cheeseberry?'

'Squire Cheeseberry!' cried Sam. '*Rather*. Why, after I went back to Boston from the West, I was two years in his store. That was while he was in the comb, jewelry, and fancy 'notion business.'

'Rich now, ain't he?'

'Some. About eight hundred thousand two hundred and fifty-seven dollars, twenty-three-and-a-half cents.'

'Well,' says Hiram, 'I always took you to be a pious youth, and if you were two years under old 'Squire Cheese, it's easy to see how you came by it. The 'Squire was one of 'em; loved money as he did fun, and loved both better than any thing. Did you ever hear how he squared accounts with Solomon Rosenberg (Rose-bug they used to call him) of Savannah? Of course *you* have, but maybe Hiram and the Doctor have n't.'

'Well, I'll tell it,' says Sam, 'for I was in the store and helped at the time. Solomon Rosenberg was a very shrewd character, but mighty odd and eccentric in his ways, and full of queer whimsies. One

of his fancies was cat-fish fried in oil ; another was to wear Greek gold money for coat-buttons. And another was to always buy goods by the shelf, and a very profitable fancy it was. Either Rosenberg was naturally one of the sharpest men in existence, or else long practice had made him one, for it is a fact, he could run his eye over any shelf of almost any kind of goods that ever was, and guess their average value, well — exactly.

‘One day he bantered ‘Squire Cheeseberry to sell him some shelves, and the ‘Squire agreed. Rosenberg offered nine hundred dollars ; the ‘Squire offered to take ten. They split the difference on eleven, but Cheeseberry he lost just four hundred dollars that time. Three or four months after, Rosenberg was in town, and the ‘Squire he heard it. He pursed up his mouth for a minute, and then a steady old smile came very gravely over his eyes. Then he jumped up in a hurry.

‘‘Sammy, my son,’ says he, ‘shut up the shop right away. Lock the door this very instant, and shut to the winders sooner ‘n Jack Robinson.’

‘I jumped up like a squirrel, and had the door locked in a minute. After that I fastened the window-shutters, and going in by the back-way, stood up to the ‘Squire for orders.

‘That’s right, Sammy,’ said the old man. ‘Never ask no questions. Act fust, and then talk, doth lead us to the golden walk. Now, Sammy, you and I and Philo (that was Philo Haskell, the salesman) will have to work mighty spry. We’ve got to work all day and all night too, *I calculate.*’

‘And we just exactly did. All that day and all night the old man and Philo and I worked like seventy, re-packing the shelves, putting the most valuable goods front, and filling up the backs with old herse of all sorts. Some shelves had gold watches in front, and cut-nails or tacks in behind, and considerable many were made up all front and no behind at all, like a French retail shop. At last we got done about eight o’clock next morning, and then the old man sent out for some breakfast, gave us a good feed, and told us to look as chirk and lively as we could. And considering that we had been hard at work all night, the advice was very fine to listen to.

‘About eleven o’clock, after some business had been done, who should come in but Solomon Rosenberg ? The old man saw him quick enough, but pretended not to look up. By-and-by he turned around, as Rosebug spoke.

‘‘Well, I do declare ; Mr. Rosenberg, who ‘d a ever thought o’ seeing you here so soon again in Bosting ! Been on to Savanny, hain’t you ? Glad to see ye looking so likely. Want to buy again by the shelf I ‘spose. No, you can’t come that again over *me*. Sell ye by the piece ; well, as much as ye want ; but no more shelving operations here, not by a jugful, *I calculate.*’

‘Well, as you may suppose, Rosebug went in strong for the advantages of selling by the shelf, while the old man held off on the other side. Finally the ‘Squire gave in, confoundedly slow of course, and agreed to sell *one shelf* — Rosebug to pick out for himself. He selected one full of silver watches — in front. By agreement each marked off his price, and Philo and I took the papers and split the difference.

Then another shelf was sold, and finally half-a-dozen. Finally, Rosebug smelt a rat — he caught a twinkle in the old man's eye or something, and flared up like powder.

“ You old rogue ! — what the devil is going on now ? There 's something wrong.”

“ Laws a massey ! ” says the old 'Squire very calm. ‘ What on airth are ye hollerin' at, Rosebug ? Have another shelf, won't ye ? What 'll ye 'low now for them combs ? ’

‘ Without saying a word, Rosebug gave a twitch at a gross of spectacle-cases he had just bought, and brought down the lot bang by the board. All was empty behind. He turned pale, but did n't say much. When he summed up the whole lot, old Green Cheese found that he had made just three thousand dollars by ‘ selling by the shelf. ’

‘ I remember old Cheese, ’ said Doctor Fisher. ‘ He was what the American students in Paris used to call ‘ a merry cuss ’ all over, whenever they got hold of a Yankee who was pretty tolerably jolly. Once Cheeseberry was stopping in a little out-of-the-way, sea-side town, somewhere along the coast, and a large ship loaded with pepper was driven in there by stress of weather. The Captain was owner of the cargo, and old Green Cheese begun to bargain with him for the pepper.

‘ Well, they traded away, and talked, and whittled, and drank cider-brandy over it for about three days, when all at once the idea struck the Captain that it was very queer for a man living in a little one-horse town of only half-a-dozen houses, to want to buy a whole ship-load of pepper, and he finally asked old Cheese ‘ what in thunder he wanted of so much pepper ? ’

‘ Why, ’ says old Cheeseberry, talking very slow and whittling away on the edge of a Canil with his knife, ‘ I 'm agoing to use it, I calculate. ’

‘ Use a hull ship-load of pepper ? ’ cried the Captain. ‘ Well ! I never ——— ’

‘ Why, ye see, Captain, ’ says old Cheese, whittling away as sober as a judge, ‘ I 've got a notion of buildin' an everlastin' great lot o' soup-houses all along the coast from Novy Scoshy down to New-Or-leens, and I want that there pepper to *season the soup with.* ’

AND now to change the subject. If Mace Sloper had been as 'cute to judge of a woman's mind as Sol. Rosebug was to judge of goods, or if he had as little mistrusted being come over as old Cheese was, he might have been calm and engaged — perhaps — well, long ago. But it takes some time for folks who have got over the first blow of youthful steam to hurry up these matters, especially when ‘ prudential motives ’ whisper bolt ! But it is a fact, and you may *congratulate* me. You may catch me by the hand and shake it half off and wish me joy from your very soul ; and if you are a young lady, you may offer all sorts of sympathies and wishes, and say every thing you can think of about Mrs. Twiggles, (though you may never have seen her,) and put all sorts of close questions about the courtship, and wooing, and wedding that is to be, though very likely we never spoke more than three words together before ; and though you would never have dreamed of being so familiar as to inquire after my brother's health ! Love is common property to

the multitude, and engagements and marriages, like prize-fights, do really seem to be more interesting to the lookers-on than to the parties most nearly concerned. Hurrah for the fashions, however, and let's go in with the best if we bust! especially with the ladies, who have just about as good a right as any body to know what's up.

One evening in the last Christmas holidays, it happened to come pass by chancing to take place in the course of human events, that Mrs. Twiggles and I were up at Embury Van Dysen's spending the evening, Hiram and Mrs. Boutard being along. The Van Dysens live in an old-fashioned, comfortable sort of way, among a set of quiet, easy-looking chairs and sofas, which all look as if they had dressing-gowns and slippers on; and gather, after dinner, around a great table, piled up with all the papers and magazines going. They never miss of having half a dozen friends of an evening in the dining-room library, back of the back-parlor, and nobody ever set there three evenings yet before he got to calling old Van Dysen by his fore-name, Elisha, or Mrs. Van, Anne, and was pretty sure to have his own sur-name pretty well dropped; all of which is due to the fact that Mrs. Van D. was a lively Quaker girl when younger, and is n't so old or bad to look at yet, but what she likes drollery and fun, and coquettes a little with the Quaker fashions yet.

Old Van and Hiram were smoking great licks over a box of Operas, and were knee-deep in the Tariff, Guthrie, free wool and sugar. Mrs. Van was sitting with a coat of her husband's on her lap and threading a needle before doing some stitches on it. Amelia was working red sprigs around the edges of a handkerchief, and I, though not naturally 'cute at such operations, was trying to mark out a pattern with a pencil on another handkerchief for Mrs. Boutard, who, in her turn, was building card-houses with the pack which was to figure sooner or later in a game of whist. All at once Mrs. Van looked up and said:

'Lisha, what on earth makes you load your pockets so?'

'Samples, I guess, Anne.'

'Gracious, what a mess!' And here the good lady emptied the samples on to the table. Van is in the wholesale grocer business, and has a way of sticking every thing into his pockets and forgetting it. So that when the samples came out there was a mess of a bunch of raisins, half a pint of mixed rice, tea, and sago, allspice and paper labels, a lead-pencil and eleven nutmegs, three lumps of sugar and a stick of cinnamon, a bit of rock-candy and two crackers, one Bermuda potato, a walnut, and a proof-vial; seventeen grains of coffee, and a small paper bundle, which was found on examination, to contain two new velvet corks, carefully done up for future inspection. Last of all, came several large firm pieces of mace.

'Well, Lisha,' said Hiram, 'if any man was to give you a pretty heavy order in the street, you could fill it without sending to the store.'

'Well,' said I, 'I've heard of sinking the ship, but if Elisha were to fall over-board I should think that his shop would be most likely to sink him.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Boutard, rising up in her lively way and sitting high, 'if we only knew what every body had in their pockets, how we should laugh sometimes. I declare *my* husband is the *greatest* man

for such things. Once when he came back from trading I just emptied his pockets one night to see what he had. Such an assortment! A whiskey flask, and a silver crucifix and rosary, a revolver, and three letters from me, tied up together with a Sioux scalp. Now I propose that we all just empty our pockets and show what we 've got,' she continued in her excited harum-scarum way.

'Good,' says Hiram, 'count me in.' And with this he took out a very elegant port-monnaie of immense size, which opened into about two dozen divisions, showing all sorts of conveniences, copartments and competitions for stowing away gold, silver, notes, segars, scissors, tooth-picks, pen-knife, memorandums, and other fiz-a-magigs. It was quite like a lady's cab-horse in its amount of furniture. After this came a letter-case; a diamond ring; two opera-tickets; a very fine cambric handkerchief, highly scented with 'Isle of Wight'; a delicate pen-knife; two keys on a gold ring, and the cracker of a whip-lash. His over-coat, on being searched, showed a red billiard-ball, a free admission to some Christian Young Men's arrangement, a card of Mr. Henry Wikoff's, and the daguerreotype of a very beautiful young lady, whom he convinced every body present (but me) was a cousin of his.

'Well,' says Mrs. Boutard, 'I did expect to find some love-letters in your pockets, Mr. Twine, but I suppose you carry them with your bank-notes, in your hat. Now here 's my cargo,' and with this she shook out a piece of white wax; a needle-case; two very much-read letters from her husband; a little Indian money-purse; a spool of silk, and a sugar almond. After this she took a small locket of hair from the purse, and then put it back with a little sigh.

Mrs. Van had n't any pocket in her dress, and Amelia resisted all search. This set Mrs. Van into tip-top excitement, and Mrs. Boutard helped her in having resort to force. We were all jolly, and as Amelia laughed immensely, Mrs. Van, who was strong as a ploughman, held her arms while Madame Boutard did the searching. But Amelia was strong too — if she was strong as she is lovely, Tom Hyer could n't have held her — and she showed uncommon power in the force of resistance.

It was a beautiful sight to see those three good-looking women all getting more and more excited, all wrestling like good fellows, and yet all trying not to be rowdy. It was lovely to see Amelia's hair fall over her splendid flashing eyes, and to see her quick as a wink, brush it back and catch Mrs. Boutard's hand as it was darting into her pocket. It was glorious to see the glorious Boutard with her bob-cherry mouth opening wide as she panted for breath, and her large round black peepers gleaming as if her whole great little soul was up in heroics, struggling like a beautiful wild-cat with a white deer. And it was not less game in its way to see Mrs. Van, who was good for any number of rounds and not to be tired down, coming well up to the scratch, fresh, cool, and in good condition. All very fine indeed.

The hen-fight, however, was soon over. One by one Amelia's treasures came to light. Two or three keys did n't look worth quarrelling about, no more did a half-dollar, a pocket-book, and a gold-pencil. A little bundle of notes would not have excited suspicion, and of course nobody present would offer to look even at the directions. No more was any thing said about a ring found there, or a queer-looking pebble,

or a silk guard-chain. And if Mace Sloper had not been present, they might all have been poured out innocently enough and nobody have been the wiser. And as it was, nobody but Mace *was* the wiser—but on him there came bursting a tremendous tall light, and his heart beat—immensely.

Well, what if those notes *were* some which Amelia had received from me? If she had n't cared a straw for me they might have rolled out and been laughed at, and I might have been told, cool and easy, that 'I really believe that there's a note or two from *you* in that bundle.' Of course—and some women would have said it any how, they couldn't have helped carrying it off so. The ring, once joked off on Amelia for a fillipeener, could be natural enough in a pocket; the queer pebble which I picked up last summer at Cape May—well that might be accidentally there—so many people have a way of carrying such odds and ends around—and the guard-chain—well, come now, there was a rub there, for I had lost it and hunted for it and could n't find it, and told Amelia so.

The truth was, Amelia is an honest, conscientious woman, with a soul as pure as a diamond, and one all wanting in the handiness of deceit. She blushed at the truth; she was flurried and excited with fun, and hardly knew where things were drifting to. Perhaps when it was just too late she caught the idea that she might have saved herself from being caught by me perhaps, and this has always been the pleasantest thought to Mace Sloper he ever had in his life—she remembered at that instant that a man, whom she thought worth loving, had found out that she treasured up little remembrances of him in that loving sort of way which women never do unless they love—and that, after all, true, honest love is nothing to be ashamed of.

However it might all have been, I know that Mace Sloper would, just at that instant, have gone down on his knees before Amelia, and worshipped her out of his very soul for pure love. There was a cloud out of the way; and quiet, blessed fine weather was coming down like music. Perhaps Amelia felt after a minute as I did, for she did not blush any more, though she sat still. The talk about pockets was turned into something else: three or four more visitors dropped in, and we sprinkled about the great room, and laughed and joked, and by-and-by a card party was started by four of them, and Mrs. Van brought out a great bowl, and made some apple-toddy, according to an ancient Jersey recipe, and all were jolly as clams.

We were sitting by the fire, Amelia and I, talking about one thing and another, calm and common-place, as one might say. And I must say that Amelia never did look so splendid to me before. There are times in a man's life when a woman does look too killingly tempting for thought or words, when she must be had if fifty deaths have to be run through; when she's all and every thing, and more than all and every thing—too delicious to dare to look at—an idea to make the heart palpitate into choking, and reduce every single notion in his head to simply dying or winning her—and so I felt when sitting by the fire with Amelia.

And yet I felt tolerably self-possessed, too, for I had made up my mind, and a man who *REALLY* makes his mind up to have any thing,

mighty seldom misses it. Not one of your 'cute sort, I still took a short cut to *the question*. I picked up from among Van's pile of grocery samples on the table one of the pieces of mace, and with the scissors from Hiram's port-monnaie, I cut it into the shape of a heart.

I shall never forget how Amelia sat at that instant ; how she looked ; how the fire shone in her face ; how super-glorious I thought her.

'Do you like mace ?' said I very gently, most whispering.

'I think that mace is very generally liked,' answered Amelia, in her quiet, pleasant way.

'Well,' said I, 'will you have the heart of Mace ? See — here it is !'

It was a mere child's joke, I knew — a poor pun, perhaps, some will think — not a dignified one, some people will say, who, being smarter than I, can find better ways to tell their thoughts. But as I put my hand over to Amelia's little one, where it lay on the great chair-arm, I thought very little of that, and when the little hand took the MACE HEART from mine, and I saw a deep blush in the cheek, and a tear in the eye, it made very little difference to me whether it was a quibbling joke or not which had put an end to long-waiting, and cares, and more vexing thoughts and troubles, than I ever gave any living man an idea of.

Well, it's all right now ; you may congratulate me — every body's congratulating me — all New-York knows it. Hiram says he knew what was going on all the time up at Van Dysen's t'other night ; but it's part of Hiram's set-up in business, to make out he knows every thing. Every body that ever heard of us, and a great many that never did, have heard all about the engagement, and have settled all the particulars of the wedding, down to the number and price of the bride's stockings, and up to the expense of the orange-flowers, though we do n't know ourselves as yet when it will come off. All sorts of men have given me in detail all sorts of particulars as to Amelia's family, her grandfather, great-grandfather, and so on, up as high as you could shoot a Minny rifle-ball. I have been told all about her father, old Captain Briarden ; her husband, who lost so little time in leaving her a widow and some Cincinnati lots, which have risen like fun ; and her uncle, who has been put all right by Hiram. On the other hand, all sorts of Yankees have been forcing down on Amelia all sorts of particulars relative to Mace Sloper ; even a miserable old scamp of a school-master, who did what he could to disgust me as a boy, having, as I most think, really risen from his grave to go to Amelia and make a donkey of himself, by telling her all about my juvenile gimerackeries. Let 'em rip, it's all paid for. Rather !

Reader, I do hope, from the very bottom of my soul, that you may want something as bad as I wanted Amelia — and get it. I hope that it will be a fine girl, and one worthy of you, for I can't help wishing that every man who has given me his attention, may fare as well in his way as I have done. And of course it must be a lady-love, for nothing else this side the grave is of much of any real account, after all. As for the lady friends, I only hope, from my very soul, that they may all have their own way in every thing, so long as they can find a way to travel, and a pleasant companion to travel with them.

N E W - Y E A R ' S E V E .

BY JENNY MARSH.

I.

Go, Old Year, go!
With thy howling blast and drifting snow!
The wasted embers have ceased to glow,
And I tire of listening the clock's slow beat,
And the watchman's cry in the lonely street.
Oh! why dost thou weary me so?
Go, Old Year, go!

II.

Go, Old Year, go!
Voices long hushed are whispering low —
Whispering soft of times ago;
And while thou art with me they will not cease,
Murmuring over what breaks my peace.
Oh! why dost thou weary me so?
Go, Old Year, go!

III.

Come, angels, come!
Shelter my heart in all this gloom,
Draw me in mercy back from the tomb,
That opens before me, and gives to my sight
Each tender bud that hath felt the blight
Of frost and snow.
Go, Old Year, go!

IV.

When thou art gone,
These memories will hush their song,
And my soul arise both brave and strong,
Looking not backward, oh! no, oh! no,
Where thou wilt be lying 'neath mantles of snow;
But onward with faith
That feareth not death.

V.

Go, Old Year, go!
God gave thee in wisdom to me, I know:
His hand hath dealt out thy summer and snow.
I love thee, I bless thee; but go to the past:
Oh! would that alone thy sweetness might last!
But it will not be so:
Go, Old Year, go!

Rochester, (N. Y.)

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. In Five Volumes, Twelve-mo.
New-York : DIX, EDWARDS AND COMPANY, Park-Place.

THESE five volumes are mainly made up of articles which have heretofore appeared in the pages of PUTNAM's popular 'Monthly;' there we first saw and read their contents; but we have not been otherwise favored by the publishers, save in the author's last work, '*Prue and I*,' which is before us. Now, without an opportunity to revise our first impressions, of which we doubt whether there would be any need, we propose at present to condense the opinions of two critics upon the work, both of them adequate to the full performance of their task. Our readers are aware that the '*Nile Notes of a Howadji*,' and '*The Howadji in Syria*,' works of rare interest, both in the character of their incidents, and in their marked simplicity and ease of style, have already been favorably reviewed in the KNICKERBOCKER. The same may be said of '*The Lotus-Eaters*.' Of '*The Potiphar Papers*,' little need was there to say *any* thing. They 'hit the target in the *white*,' and the 'shot' was noised abroad and scanned, and 'Lo! a true marksman!' was the national verdict. Of Mr. CURTIS's last work, '*Prue and I*,' the first of the two critics whom we have mentioned, says :

'NONE of Mr. CURTIS's books is, in our judgment, destined to so high a position in literature as the last. As the successive chapters have appeared in '*Putnam*,' we have been more and more convinced that it would take rank as the author's master-piece. It will not likely be so popular as some of the others, but it must win its way to the admiration of a large circle of readers. For subtle and refined fancy, for delicate humor, for a nice appreciation of character, for gorgeous evanescent beauty, as of sunsets fading away into shadowy lands, for graceful ease of manner, for a quiet but tearful pathos, which weaves into the beaming summer garlands of poesy and life a little leaf of rue, and for that best of philosophy, which the heart teaches to the thoughtful mind, when it muses of the contrasted mysteries of our human existence; it is a composition of surpassing claims, with a great deal of that imaginative charm which fascinates us in HAWTHORNE, it has none of his wierd and preternatural gloom. It is as genial and lambent in the play of its fancies, as the sunshine, though like the sunshine, it is often flecked and darkened by a dance of shadows. That meditative recluse, the

hero of it—the silent, tender, dreaming, white-crowned book-keeper, we find the most exquisite of poets, the tenderest of lovers, the most gorgeous of painters, and the truest of moralists. He has a touch of JACQUES in him, and of old DOBBIN, and of MILES COVERDALE, and of HAROLD SKIMPOLE, and of GOLDSMITH's Gentleman in Black, and of Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, of TENNYSON, and of the 'Opium-Eater.' His heart is soft as any woman's; his conscience clear as the crystal lake; while his mind is all a-blaze with a tropical radiance and bloom. How genially he enjoys the dinners which others eat, and how sadly yet healthfully he digests them into an edifying moral! How grandly gleam his Spanish castles, which stand, not like KEATS's, looking on the foam of perilous seas, but large and fair, in a luminous golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but where no gales blow and there are no tempests! How in the reverent and mystic strain of WORDSWORTH himself, he sits by the shore and asks:

'Where is the land to which yon ship must go?'

or sails in stately galleons to a more Indian India skirting the Happy Isles, while the sea moans or dances round with many voices! What wonderful spectacles are they bestrid the nose of poor TIDBOTTOM—having all the virtues of ITHURIEL's spear, DIOGENES's lamp, and PROSPERO's wand, and the great Carbuncle, beside a special magic of their own, which the most potent wizards of Fairie might envy! What a motley, chimerical crew, too, is that which navigates the Flying Dutchman; never striking sail, but going ever forward with resistless motion through misty airs; off odorous palm-coast, along polar icebergs, under all temperatures and zones; while the musty decks are crowded with grotesque and ghostly figures; with SALATHIEL, MUNCHAUSEN, Captain SYMMES, and PARACELUS; and Monks looking after the kingdom of PRESTER JOHN, and gold-hunters of Eldorado, and poets yearning for withered wreaths, and youth roaming eagerly for the Enchanted Islands, or vainly seeking the fountain of oblivion; and a thousand other fantastic characters, who float onward without end toward the impossible bourne! The many-coloring prism of the honest book-keeper shows all these, and more; and while we linger with him in the mighty realm of dreams, we feel that it is not all a dream, but that the inmost truth of life is there whispering to us ever 'the still sad music of humanity.'

In a general estimate of Mr. CURTIS's powers, the reviewer adds: 'We should assign the first rank to his sumptuous and fertile imagination. He is by no means deficient in any of the usual endowments of the artistic nature; possesses a quick sensibility, clear insight, intellectual sagacity and force, a controlling love of beauty, and profound moral sympathies; but all these faculties work in and through the imagination. He sees, he remembers, he reasons, because he first feels. All his thoughts glow; his sentences are almost voluptuous, his words, even, are taken out of an illuminated alphabet. The universe around him is a symbol; the very complement and living type of his internal emotion. He perceives all its forms, he hears all its tones; but those forms are infused with warm red blood, and those tones are jubilant with melodies. Conjoined to this affluence of the sensuous imagination is its 'visionary power of eye and soul,' which, penetrating beyond the shows of things, seizes their subtler essences. Nor is humor wanting, which is but imagination bedewed and softened by homely human love; nor the inseparable accompaniment of humor, a compassionate sadness, by which all the noblest spirits are touched to their finest issues.' Now, if you please, let up present a passage or two from the other *critique* to which we have alluded, which, while it is apparently equally kindly in

spirit, is somewhat more 'out-spoken' in relation to what the reviewer conceives to be the writer's defects :

'Mr. CURTIS's popularity is not owing in the least to the importance of the subjects of which he treats. He takes pains to devote himself to nothing but trifles. He seems to write for the passing hour only ; for that startling but transient applause that expires with the breath that utters it. The volumes before us are mostly made up of articles which have before appeared in well-known magazines, now collected in a more permanent and substantial form, and so, for the time being at least, rescued from that proverbial oblivion which soon settles down upon periodical literature. We do not undervalue this department of letters, nor forget what has been and may be achieved in it. We remember that SYDNEY SMITH, and JEFFREY, and MACKINTOSH, and DE QUINCEY, chose the same path to fame. But all these handled great subjects in earnest ; they discussed themes suited to their great intellects, and which taxed their highest powers ; and they left their mark accordingly upon politics, literature, religion, or whatever else they touched. But our author takes up nothing too heavy or too serious to amuse the idle hours of the mind : he entertains us after dinner ; he tickles the fancy, without ever touching the heart ; he furnishes an excellent dessert after a full feast of reason, but never satisfies the hungry mind. We read the last page and lay down the book, delighted doubtless, but still with the notion that we have been reading nothing after all. Thousands and tens of thousands eagerly devour his productions, but we regard that man as a decided rarity who has ever read the same thing of his a second time. Should he pursue something higher than he has yet attempted, we do not venture a doubt of his corresponding success ; we are considering only what he has thus far done.

'Again : Mr. CURTIS has not shown that he possesses any great creative genius ; any high degree of imagination, properly so called. He is very successful in his sketches of men and manners that have come under his own observation. The characters he presents are exact representations, without modification, of the characters he has met in society. He is evidently a man of keen perception, with senses all wide awake. . . . And then, too, he possesses a genial humor, and a vein of quiet sentiment, sometimes a little sickly, to be sure, but in the main singularly wholesome. His writings bear the marks of an unruffled temper and a peaceful spirit, and their moral tone is as pure as the style of their composition. It cannot be said that his words are ever the channel of a deep flow of feeling ; it is a shallow current always, never by any chance welling up from the depths of the soul, and so nobody would think of reading him in the same day with CHARLES LAMB, whose big heart bulges out on every page that he writes ; but still the reader falls quietly in with his pleasing humor, and almost every palate relishes his fanciful conceits. He speaks always like a man who is blessed with a clean conscience and a glorious digestion ; and knowing him only by his works, we yet venture to guess that he has always been on pleasant terms with fortune, has met with no reverses, or crosses, or struggles, and has never been in a situation, or had an opportunity to exert himself to the utmost and show how much he can do. We cannot read his productions without feeling that there is some reserved force in him — a power not yet developed — which time may call out. He accomplishes all that he aims at ; but we only regret that he does not aim at something higher and grander. We wish that, like GOLDSMITH, he would write 'to extol virtue and to expose vice ;' like DICKENS, to undermine some social evil and work out some moral reform ; in a word, that he would labor with an earnest purpose for some practical good ; for that same power of fascination by which he charms us when he treats of trifles, would make itself felt in more important issues.

'Mr. CURTIS has been accused of sporting a borrowed satire, but we do not think the charge made out. If his satire were borrowed from THACKERAY it would be much more pungent and severe. It can hardly be called an imitation. Compared with the caustic in which THACKERAY dips his pen, it is like a serpent that has lost its fangs. So harmless and amiable is it, that it must sometimes make even its victims laugh ; and we believe that the *Potiphar Papers*, in which this feature is more prominent than anywhere else in his works, find their most numerous and admiring readers in that very class of society whose eccentricities and follies they are designed to expose. He chastises them soundly, but nevertheless with a friendly hand.'

Well, KNICKERBOCKER jurors, you have heard the case. You are to dismiss from your minds all idea that Mr. CURTIS is either a SCOTT or a DICKENS. Who ever said he *was*? And whether he merely 'skims the superficies' or not, is not the question at all. When you retire to deliberate, before bringing in your verdict, remember the old Latin truth : *In medio tutissimus ibis*. Don't be influenced by either of the 'learned counsel.'

You will bear in mind that the learned gentleman who 'closes for the people,' admits that our author may boast 'an illustrious career: at an age when most authors hardly begin to be known by their works, his reputation is wide-spread.' You will consider how he could have *gained* this reputation. The jury will now retire; being careful not to converse with any one upon the subject of the books which have been under review before us. This court (D. V.) will convene again on the first of March ensuing.

THE YOUNG YAGERS: OR A NARRATIVE OF HUNTING ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA. By Captain MAYNE REID, Author of 'The Boy-Hunters,' 'Desert Home,' etc. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

CAPTAIN REID has become famous for his graphic descriptions of scenes similar to those with which the pages of this book abound. He paints with a 'rich brush,' it is true; but we are not thence to infer that his limnings are not as faithful as they are picturesque. Children, we find, do wonderfully enjoy his sketches. Out of the many passages which we pencilled as we read, and where our pencil gave out, thumb-nailed and dog's-eared, we find our extracts limited to but one; and that far from being the most interesting of those we had indicated, although the most convenient for our purpose. When our lady-readers bethink themselves of ostrich-feathers, and 'the boys' of ostrich-eggs, let them remember in connection therewith the following: a description of the manner in which 'the old cock of the walk' (and 'tall walking' is the ostrich-style altogether) was decoyed by a wily native sportsman:

'The elevation enabled them not only to see the nest, for that was visible from the ground, but the surface of the plain to a considerable distance beyond. They would thus be enabled to note every movement either SWARTBOY or the ostriches should make.

'Now it has been stated that within a circle of five hundred yards radius from the nest, there was no cover that would have concealed a cat. With the exception of a stone here and there — none of them larger than a quarter loaf — the sandy surface was perfectly smooth and level as a table.

'The boys had noticed this in the morning; HENDRIK and GROOT WILLEM had taken good notice of it, for they, as well as SWARTBOY, had thought of 'waylaying' the ostriches on their return, but had given up the idea, from the fact of there being no cover to conceal them from the eyes of the wary birds.

'But just outside the circumference mentioned, there was a chance of cover — a bush that by tight squeezing might have sheltered the body of a man. Both HENDRIK and GROOT WILLEM had seen this bush, but on account of its great distance from the nest they had never thought of its being used as a cover. Five hundred yards off — it might as well have been five miles. Even had it been on the side by which the ostriches had gone off, and by which they, the hunters, conjectured they would return, the bush might have served. A shot might have been obtained as the birds came back to the nest. But it was not on that side — on the very opposite — and in the direction of the camp. Neither HENDRIK nor GROOT WILLEM had entertained the idea of lying behind it.

'SWARTBOY had; and to this bush now repaired SWARTBOY as straight as he could go. For what purpose? To conceal himself behind it, and wait for the ostriches. That was his design.

'But what would his arrows avail — poisoned as they were — at the distance of five hundred yards? Ah! SWARTBOY knew what he was about. Let us record his movements in the words of KLAAS and JAN, who watched them narrowly.

'SWARTBOY has reached the bush,' reported JAN; 'he lays down his bow and arrows beside it. Now he has gone away from it. He is proceeding in a straight line toward the nest. He has the fox with him. See! he stops again — a little beyond the bush he has halted — between it and the nest, but nearer the bush.'

'Very near the bush,' said KLAAS; 'not twenty yards from it, I'm sure.'

"Well, what does he do there?" demanded HENDRIK. "He appears to be stooping?"
 "He is stooping," replied JAN. "Let me see! He's got the fox in his hands, he is placing it on the ground! He has left it! I declare, it is standing by itself, as if it were alive!"

"It's very clear what he intends by that," said HANS; "I can understand now how he means to get the birds within range."

"And I!" rejoined HENDRIK.

"And I!" echoed GROOT WILLEM.

"Now," continued JAN, "he's going on to the nest; he has reached it, and is walking round and round, and stooping and kicking with his feet. I can't tell what he is about; can you, KLAAS?"

"I think," replied KLAAS, "he's trying to cover up the broken shells we left there."

"Oh! that's exactly it!" said JAN. "See! he's stooping over the nest, he has lifted an egg in his hand!"

"It is to be remembered that only the fresh eggs were brought away in the morning. Those in the nest that had undergone hatching were of course let alone—all except one or two, that had been broken to 'try' them."

"He's coming back this way," said JAN. "He has the egg in his hand! Now he has put it down right under the snout of the fox!"

"Ha! ejaculated HANS, GROOT WILLEM, and HENDRIK, "how cunning of old SWART!"

"Now," continued JAN, "he's back to the bush: and now he's squatted down behind it."

"After a little while both KLAAS and JAN announced that SWARTBOY was making no further movements, but continued to lie quietly."

"Now the secret of SWARTBOY's strategy lay in his knowledge of a fact in natural history—a knowledge of the antipathy that exists between the ostrich and the egg-eating fox. SWARTBOY's experience had taught him the habits of the fennec, and also the hostile feeling of the ostrich toward this enemy. So strong is this feeling on the part of the bird, that whenever it sets its eye upon one of these creatures it will run directly toward it, for the purpose of destroying it. On such occasions the speed of the quadruped will not save it. Unless its burrow be nigh, or some thick bush or cleft among the rocks offer it a shelter, a single kick from the legs of the mighty bird at once puts an end to its prowling existence."

"SWARTBOY knew all this, and for that reason had he set his decoy. Conspicuously placed, the birds would be sure to see it; and with their nest half-plundered, and one of the eggs still under its very nose, they would not be slow in coming up to take revenge upon the poor fennec, the supposed robber, and to them well-known burglar."

"The ostriches are coming!" cried the sharp-sighted JAN, after a long pause.

"Where?" asked KLAAS. "I do not see them yet. Where, JAN?"

"Yonder," replied JAN. "Beyond the nest, far off."

"Oh! now I see!" said KLAAS; "just the way they went off in the morning; three of them—a cock and two hens—they are the same, I suppose."

"Now they are getting up near the nest," reported JAN; "now they are up to it. See them! What are they doing? they are running about in a terrible way. See! their heads move up and down; they are striking with their legs. What are they about?"

"I think," rejoined KLAAS—"I declare I think they are *breaking the eggs*."

"Not a doubt of it," remarked HANS. "That is always their way when they return and find the nest disturbed either by a human being or an animal. No doubt that is what they are at."

"HENDRIK and GROOT WILLEM confirmed this statement by their assent."

"Oh!" exclaimed JAN, "they have left the nest; they are coming this way; they are coming toward SWARTBOY; how fast they run! Hey! they are upon the fennec! Ho! they have kicked it over! See, they are pecking it with their bills, and knocking it about like a foot-ball. Hurrah! such a jolly game as is going on yonder!"

"What is old SWART doing, any how? They're near enough for a shot."

"He's doing something," answered KLAAS. "I'm sure I saw him move. Did he not draw his bow yonder?"

"He did," replied JAN; "he has let off an arrow. I saw his arms move suddenly. See, the ostriches are off again. Ho! they are quite gone!"

"It was not so, however; for, although the three ran off on hearing the twang of the Bushman's bow, they did not run far. After going some quarter of a mile or so, the cock began to droop his wings and run around in circles, the hens all the while following. His movements now became of a very eccentric kind, and it was plain that SWARTBOY's arrow had pierced him, and the poison was doing its work. The bird reeled like a drunken man, once or twice fell to its knees, rose again, ran on a piece farther, flapping its wings, and vibrating its long neck from side to side; and then, staggering forward, fell upon the plain!"

"For several minutes it continued to flutter, kicking out with its strong limbs, and

raising the dust as if it had been a buffalo. At length its struggles ceased, and it lay motionless upon the sand.

'The two hens still continued near, and from their actions, were evidently both surprised and alarmed. They did not, however, attempt to run off, until SWARTBOY, knowing they were far beyond the reach of his bow, rose up from his ambush, and walked toward them. Then both took to their heels, and scouring off over the plain, were soon out of sight.

'KLAAS and JAN now reported that SWARTBOY was stooping over the dead cock, and, as they believed, skinning him.

'That was exactly what SWARTBOY was doing, for about an hour after he came into camp carrying the skin upon his shoulders.'

As cunning as a 'SWARTBOY' might well be substituted in that region for 'as cunning as a fox,' it strikes us, with no small propriety. (Well printed and fairly illustrated.)

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. With an Account of the EMPEROR'S Life after his Abdication. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In three volumes: pp. 1847. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

It is a little singular what a procreative faculty good books have, in reproducing their kind. This is especially true of historical works; and in the books of none of our honored and world-wide popular authors is this fact more apparent than in the labors of Mr. WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. The valuable contribution to the world's history, now before us, would have slept in the dusty recesses of Simancas, had not our author's *previous studies* made him familiar with his subject, and brought into his possession a large body of authentic documents relating to it. And these documents actually form the basis of a chapter on the monastic life of CHARLES, at the close of the first book of PHILLIP the 'Second, heretofore noticed in these pages; 'although written in the summer of 1851, more than a year previous to the publication of Mr. STIRLING's admirable work, which led the way in the series of brilliant productions relating to the cloister-life of CHARLES.' Mr. PRESCOTT has made the authentic records which he derived from Simancas the foundation of his narrative; freely availing himself, at the same time, of the labors of his predecessors, wherever they have thrown light on his path from sources not within his reach. Mr. PRESCOTT intimates that he may have wearied his reader by extending his work to so great a length: his publishers will find how much he is mistaken, even in the supposition. Mr. IRVING had a similar thought, in relation to the unexpected extension of his 'Life of WASHINGTON;' but that 'fault' was everywhere most cordially welcomed by the public. The era and the events here treated of, are of the most marked interest; and they are treated in *Mr. Prescott's style*. It was during the administration of the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, that the powers of Europe were formed into one great political system, in which each took a station, wherein it has since remained, with less variation than could have been expected, after the shocks occasioned by so many internal revolutions, and so many foreign wars. The age of CHARLES the Fifth, therefore, was really the age at which the political state of Europe began to assume a

new form. Numerous biographers describe his personal qualities and actions, while the historians of different countries relate occurrences, the consequences of which were local or transient; but here we have the record of those great transactions in his reign, the effects of which were universal, and continued to be permanent.

With the foregoing brief and imperfect reference to this most excellent and carefully-prepared work, we pass the volumes to the consideration of our readers: satisfied that they will find good reason to compare favorably their own deliberate judgment with our 'first impression.' The work (as might well be expected at the hands of the publishers) is exceedingly well executed. The first volume is truly 'embellished' with a portrait of the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, by the great TITIAN.

PLAYS AND POEMS BY GEORGE H. BOKER. In two volumes: pp. 924. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE following tribute to the genius of the author of these two exceedingly handsome volumes, proceeds, Mr. WILLIS of '*The Home Journal*' informs us, from the pen of one 'who stands in the front rank of our country's poets, and is an equally rare critic.' *Such* commendation is 'worthy praise, worthily bestowed.'

'I HAVE just finished reading what you, probably, have not seen yet — the new edition of 'BOKER'S Plays and Poems.' I suppose you have not seen them, because I have an advance copy in sheets. If you have, however, and have found time to read them, I am sure you will agree with me in thinking the collection one of the finest ever issued in America. I say this advisedly, and upon reflection. I am not in the habit, as you know, of going into ecstasies over our American poets; but BOKER surprises and delights me. I am surprised at his dramatic faculty, his skill in managing a plot, and his insight into the workings of the human heart; and I am delighted with his poetry. He is a poet and a dramatist of the first order; not like BROWNING, whose strength lies in strangeness and mystery, but more like the dramatists of the age of ELIZABETH, say BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. The *story* of his plays (I use the word 'story' for want of a better word) is such as they would have chosen, and his manner of treatment is similar to theirs. He has their ease and grace, their courtesy and good-breeding. His sentiments are refined and practical, his diction is fluent and felicitous; his subjects belong to that class which the critics have christened romantic. There, too, he resembles the older dramatists, and not the moderns. I cannot, at present, stop to hunt up the antithesis of the romantic, or I would apply it to our modern drama. Permit me, then, to call it prosaic or vulgar. Neither of these expressions are exact, but they will answer at a pinch. To *feel* what I mean, read a play by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, and then read one by SHERIDAN KNOWLES or BULWER. The scene of both shall be laid in France or Italy; the characters of both shall be noble and high-born — lords, ladies, or whatever you will. There shall be no difference in 'the properties,' but there will be a world of difference in the effect. You will not remember the modern play, although it may please you at the time; the old play may not altogether

please you, but you will remember it. The one belongs to the present — the vulgar present; the other to the past — the romantic past. BOKER's plays impress me in the closet as much as they did on the stage, only they seemed more beautiful. I saw '*The Betrothal*,' when it was first brought out: it was an episode of happiness and love — a dream of Italy. I saw '*Leonor de Guzman*' when that was brought out; it was a tragedy of hate and revenge — a stormy glimpse of Spain. Then I saw '*Francesca di Rimini*,' another Italian dream; and it melted me to tears. I said to myself when I saw '*The Betrothal*,' 'BOKER is a beautiful poet.' Then I said: 'BOKER is a noble dramatist.' That was after '*Leonor de Guzman*.' After '*Francesca di Rimini*,' I rang the changes on 'grand,' and 'splendid,' and 'magnificent,' linking them to poet, and dramatist, and I knew not what beside. I thought I was right then; I know so now. BOKER is the best dramatist in America. I would say in England, too; but my knowledge of the English drama of to-day is too limited for me to speak decisively on that point. But this I will say, I do n't believe there is a finer dramatist now living in England. I would say something here of BOKER's excellence as a poet; but I want to give *you* a chance to do him justice in that respect. I am sure you will be charmed with his poems: they are strong and beautiful.'

CYCLOPÆDIA OF MODERN TRAVEL: A Record of Adventure, Exploration, and Discovery, for the past Fifty Years. Prepared and Arranged by BAYARD TAYLOR. In one volume: pp. 987. Cincinnati: MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS AND COMPANY: New-York: HENRY W. LAW, Number 310 Broadway.

This large and well-executed volume, which is liberally illustrated with maps and engravings, was an exceedingly happy thought; nor could its preparation have been committed to better hands than those of our old friend BAYARD TAYLOR, whose *own* extensive travels, by the way, were he not as modest as he is energetic and enterprising, might well have been included, in synopsis, in the work which comprises the narratives of the most distinguished travellers since the beginning of this century. The remarks of the compiler in his introduction, are equally true and forcible:

'The present century is emphatically an age of exploration and discovery. At no period since the days of COLUMBUS and CORTES has the thirst for exploring new lands been more active and universal than now. One by one the outposts of barbarism are stormed and carried; advanced parallels are thrown up, and the besieging lines of knowledge, which, when once established, can never be re-taken, are gradually closing round the yet unconquered mysteries of the globe. Modern exploration is intelligent, and its results are therefore positive and permanent. The traveller no longer wanders bewildered in a cloud of fables, prepared to see marvels, and but too ready to create them: he tests every step of the way by the sure light of science, and his pioneer trail becomes a plain and easy path to those who follow. The pencil, the compass, the barometer, and the sextant accompany him; geology, botany, and ethnology are his aids; and by these helps and appliances, his single brain now achieves results which it would once have required an armed force to win. . . . In the accuracy of their observations, the travellers of modern times are preëminently distinguished. It is no longer the testimony of a pair of eyes which is offered to us; it is also the confirmation of instruments as unerring as natural laws, which photograph for us the climate, the conformation, the scenery, and the inhabitants of distant lands. Mountains have been measured, and the enormous abysses of the ocean sounded; maps are no longer an un-

meaning plane surface, but the central plateaus of continents, and the terraces of mountain ranges take their proportionate levels; coast-lines, which formerly displayed but the imperfect resemblance of a child's attempt at drawing, have now the clear and certain outline, the perfect profile of an artist's hand, and every feature in the panorama of our globe is growing into new and beautiful distinctness. These vast results are exclusively the product of our own day. HUMBOLDT, the founder of Physical Geography, still lives to rejoice over the discoveries of each successive year; AGASSIZ, who has arranged the geographical distribution of the animal kingdoms, and MAURY, who has sketched the inequalities of the beds of oceans, ascertained their currents, and organized the apparent chaos of the winds, live among us; while a host of co-workers, in all parts of the world, are daily contributing materials toward the perfection of those grand systems which attest the supremacy of Man over the material universe, and the majesty of that DIVINE WISDOM to which the order of creation moves.

'A comparison of the maps which we now possess with those of fifty years ago, will best illustrate the achievements of modern exploration. Within that time all the principal features of the geography of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions, from Bokhara and the Oxus to the Chinese Wall; the half-known river systems of South-America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the North-Western Passage, the *ignis-fatuus* of nearly two centuries, is at last found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors; the course of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping. The Mountains of the Moon, sought for through two thousand years, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of the great kingdom of Bornou; EYRE, LEICHHARDT, and STURR have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have explored the frozen shores of Northern Siberia, and descended from Irkoutsk to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked, and are fast tumbling down; and the canvas-screens which surrounded Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal features in the progress of modern discovery. What half-century, since the form of the earth, and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?'

Mr. TAYLOR has well carried out his design in the work, which was to present a compact, and, as far as possible, a complete and satisfactory view of these results. No similar work of the kind has yet been undertaken. It possesses permanent value as a book of reference, and yet is sufficiently popular in its arrangement to interest the great mass of readers, who desire something more than a dry detail of facts, and yet something, the cost of which shall not be beyond their reach. The book is confined to works of travel and exploration by land: and even with this limit, the richness of the writer's materials proved his principal difficulty. As it is, however, he gives fifty-five narratives, which, in their original form of publication, embraced ninety volumes, many of which had been long out of print, several had never been re-published in this country, and a few had not even been translated into English. In fact, very few distinguished names have been omitted. The cuts with which the work is illustrated are all taken from the original publications. The maps were especially prepared for the purpose, and add materially to the interest of the narratives to which they are prefixed. Fine portraits of distinguished travellers, beautifully engraved, form an appropriate frontispiece to the title-page. We predict for this 'Cyclopædia of Travel' an immediate and permanent success.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE-TIME: OR MEN AND THINGS I HAVE SEEN. In a Series of Familiar Letters to a Friend: Historical, Biographical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive. By S. G. GOODRICH. In two volumes: pp. 554. New-York: MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN.

It would be quite without the bounds of probability, that PETER PARLEY could write a dull book. PETER PARLEY!—mention but his very name, and how the ears of the little people prick up! A new book from his pen, to *them*, is as eagerly sought for as was each successive 'Waverley Novel,' as it appeared, to 'children of larger growth.' And in perusing the volumes on our table, we have been confirmed in an opinion, more than once before expressed in this Magazine, that he who can write acceptably *for children*, has that within him which *must* enable him to write to the edification of persons of more mature years. 'Mr. GOODRICH,' as has been well, and with perfect truthfulness, remarked, by a contemporary reviewer, 'although a youthful-looking gentleman, is sixty-two years of age: (do n't believe it!) and in the half century covered by his recollections, he has seen more than most men would see in twice that time. He has been famous in his way. In all the world there is no other individual who has published so many volumes, or done so much in the capacity of an author to govern the character and intelligence of the living age. As 'PETER PARLEY,' he is renowned on all the Continents. But his best title to an enduring reputation will be found in these personal memories, the most natural, genial, and entertaining that have appeared in this country since FRANKLIN'S. Mr. GOODRICH has almost a daguerreian minuteness of agreeable description, and every body who has been familiar with the country life of New-England during the first half of this century will recognize the singular fidelity of his delineations. On this subject, indeed, his work will always be held in the highest estimation by competent critics. Simple, earnest, genuine. Every appreciative reader will perceive at a glance that the serious or gay experience of Connecticut, of 'the central flowery kingdom' of Yankeedom, is displayed in it just as it is, or as it was before railroads led so generally to the destruction of our local characteristics. Mr. Goodrich's father was a Congregational clergyman at Ridgefield, one of the most pleasant nurse-towns in Connecticut, and he lived here until he was fifteen. The outlines of his subsequent career, as publisher, author, legislator, traveller, Consul of the United States at Paris, etc., etc., are pretty well known. His personal qualities and the circumstances in which he has been placed, have made him acquainted with a great number of the leading men of his time, both abroad and at home, and his intelligent observation and skill in portraiture, have enabled him to introduce them to us in such a manner that we feel almost as familiar with their presence and idiosyncrasies as he is himself. His anecdotes are fresh, and excellently told, and his reminiscences of American literature and art—such as he alone could give us—are sympathetic, interesting, and judiciously written.' Another journal observes: 'PETER PARLEY is the author and editor of one hundred and seventy volumes, of which over seven millions have been sold! He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and made, perhaps, the acquaintance of more persons of prominence, and become

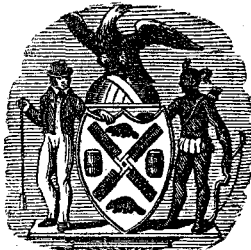
familiar with more important facts and incidents, both at home and abroad, than any other American.' The literary critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal observes: 'Mr. GOODRICH has had a remarkable and interesting career. As an author and editor, he has published no less than one hundred and seventy volumes, the sales of which amount to the enormous number of seven millions of copies. He was a private soldier in the war of 1812 with England. He was a close observer of the proceedings of the Hartford Convention, and was personally acquainted with most of its members. He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and was a witness of the French Revolution of 1848, and of the *coup d'état* of LOUIS NAPOLEON. With the variety of anecdote, incident, and description introduced in this work, by such a master of pleasant narrative style as PETER PARLEY, it cannot fail to present great and various attractions.' We have but a word to add to this: and that is, that 'PETER PARLEY' has so well foreseen, that a book to *be* a book, must be a *book* in a '*good book's* clothing,' that he has taken good care (in which carefulness he has been laudably emulated by his publishers) to have his volumes appear before the public in their proper guise. The engravings some how (with exceptions) seem the *débris* of a chaos of 'cuts.'

AUTUMNAL LEAVES: TALES AND SKETCHES IN PROSE AND RHYME. By L. MARIA CHILD. In one volume: pp. 363. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

THE *name* of a popular author oftentimes secures a wide sale for a new book from his pen. In like manner, the reputation of a well-established *publisher* secures confidence, and thence reputation. It may well be said of MESSRS. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, however, that they have not so much *sought* the public favor as that they have *commanded* it; and the PUBLIC have *bought* because they could n't help it. Good *books* bring good customers; and a good *variety* of good books bring a good *many* of them. This is our first essay in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER upon 'political economy' and the 'course of trade;' but MESSRS. FRANCIS can bear us out in the correctness of our 'premises.' We have seen no better children's books than those published by this house the present season; their standard works, also, are of the best class; while their selections for publication in general literature are almost invariably characterized by good taste and sound judgment. The last volume which we have received from their press is the one whose title is given above. Several of the articles which it contains appeared in various periodicals ten or twelve years ago; the remainder were recently written. They are characterized by great simplicity and vigor of language, much picturesqueness of description, and abundant natural feeling. With such qualities, it is not at all surprising that many of these papers should have attained a wide popularity. We commend, especially, as examples of touching pathos, 'The Rival Mechanicians' and 'The Emigrant Boy.' 'The Man that Killed his Neighbors' is a capital story, with a capital title, and an excellent moral. These 'Autumnal Leaves' are well 'impressed' upon large clear types and good paper.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Festival of Saint Nicholas.



THE sixth of December, sacred to the SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS as the natal day of their Patron Saint, was duly honored and celebrated by the festivities usual to the time and occasion. The Society met for the transaction of business and the installation of its officers elect at the Metropolitan Hotel. This ceremony was effectively and gracefully performed by Mr. JOHN D. VAN BUREN, after which the Society adjourned to the dining-hall of the Hotel to partake of the elegant dinner which, under the direction of the Stewards, the proprietors had provided for the occasion.

The chair was occupied by the President of the Society, JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, supported on either side by the Representatives of the Sister Benevolent Societies, and other invited guests. In the absence of the chaplains, Grace was most feelingly and eloquently said by Dr. BEADLE, one of the Physicians of the Society.

Before introducing the Regular Toasts for the evening, the President addressed the Society, thanking them for the honor of his reflection, and congratulating them on the recurrence of the day. He reminded them of the debt of gratitude due to their ancestors, freest of the old nations of the world, whose principles were the foundation of the liberty we enjoyed; principles which he trusted would be as lasting as the Republic under which we live. He alluded in eloquent terms to the losses the Society had sustained by death, more particularly in the decease of two of its most distinguished and shining lights, Chief-Justice JONES and OGDEN HOFFMAN, unequalled ornaments of the Bar and of society, and whose attachment and devotion to the Society of Saint NICHOLAS knew no bounds.

He concluded by offering as a sentiment:

‘OUR SOCIETY, OUR CITY, AND OUR UNION.’

Before giving the Regular Toasts, the PRESIDENT noticed Letters of Regret from Ex-President MARTIN VAN BUREN, the Chaplains of the Society, Dr. BETHUNE, The Netherlands Chargé at Washington, Lieutenant-General SCOTT, Commander BIGELOW of the Navy, Major BACKUS of the Army, the Presidents of the French, Ger-

man, and Saint DAVID's Societies. He then called on them to fill to the First Regular Toast.

The Toasts were as follows :

'1. SAINT NICHOLAS : The Patron Saint of Cosmopolitan New-York. Music : *'Mynheer Van Donck.'*

'2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music : *'President's March.'*

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music : *'Governor's March.'*

'4. THE ARMY AND NAVY : The land and sea, alike attest their valor and their worth. Music : *'Star Spangled Banner.'*

'5. OUR FATHERLAND : Generations henceforth shall call her blessed ; she taught us Union and Independence, the grand principles of Constitutional Liberty, developed by the United Provinces, and established by the United States. Music : *'Home, Sweet Home.'*

'6. NEW-AMSTERDAM : The Hollanders laid its foundation ; all lands contribute to the glorious superstructure. Music : *'Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen,'* and *'Yankee Doodle.'*

'7. THE UNION : Be it perpetual. *'Endraght maakt magt.'* Music : *'Hail Columbia.'*

'8. THE DAUGHTERS OF MANHATTAN : Their love the sceptre that we acknowledge ; they will our law. Music : *'Green grow the rushes oh !'*

'9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES : Links of the sacred chain which charity flings around our people. Saint NICHOLAS offers a golden clasp, with his blessing. Music : *'We're a Band of Brothers.'*

To the First Toast, Mr. JOHN D. VAN BUREN responded

'MR. PRESIDENT AND BROTHERS : Saint NICHOLAS is with us to-night. Our merry Saint is here among his children, as he is always at this yearly family dinner. But not so merry as he is wont to be. Saint NICHOLAS mourns. He mourns a favorite son. He greets us as usual with a smile ; but his smile, this year, is mixed of joy and sadness. Glad to see his children again about his table, this very meeting reminds him afresh of one who is not here ; of one who was his favorite son and our favorite brother ; of one who was always faithful to these family gatherings ; of one who was the life of our family circle ; of one to whose presence we, his brethren, looked chiefly for the joy and the pleasure of these meetings. To-night he is not here. He will be here no more.

'It is good, we are told, sometimes to go to the house of mourning. So Saint NICHOLAS himself—our own merry, gay, light-hearted Saint—bids us to-night, at this his festival of mirth, to give a little time to sadness. Since our last dinner, we have undergone a heavy loss. Every man here feels his share in that loss. A loss such as cannot, to this Society, be made up. We have lost OGDEN HOFFMAN. When his death was made known, every man among us felt bereaved. For he was, to every one of us, an object of love and of pride. He loved the Society and all that belonged to it : and all who belonged to it loved him. He was our pride. The foremost orator of all New-York, we claimed him as our own. Proudly do we still call to mind the dinner given to the native Dutchmen of the Prince of Orange frigate, at which he, our chosen chief, presided, and at which he, with DANIEL WEBSTER at his side, out-did, as on such an occasion he could do, that great master of eloquence. Well might we take pride in him. When he sat in that chair he filled it, filled it to its utmost fullness. He seemed born for the place. He was a born chief of the Saint NICHOLAS Society. Chosen our leader, put at our head, in outward show by our will, he sat there, in fact, by right of birth. In name a President, he was, in that chair, as he himself once said in merry mood, in deed a king. And as we took pride in him, so did he take pride in us. How we loved, half in mirth but more than half in earnest, to tell over the names of those who had been taken from among us for important posts of public life ! And if he had lived till this night, we should have heard his rich voice here, ringing through this hall, exulting that the people of the State of New-York have taken one of our chosen Kings to be their Governor.

'I did not rise, Mr. PRESIDENT, to speak over his memory any vulgar eulogium. I do not mean, as is too commonly done with the dead, to claim for him all the virtues

of man, and to allow him none of man's faults. I respect his memory too much to ascribe to him any such stale perfection. He was a man. With man's imperfections In all history, we read of but one perfect MAN ; and He was more than man. OGDEN HOFFMAN was a man like other men. He claimed to be no more when living. I shall claim no more for him dead. Such as he was, we loved him.

'And on his part, there shone from his face a warm, rich love for his kind, that drew all men to him ; a face that spoke of a great soul within, struggling with overflowing love. He was not perfect. Like the rest of us, he had, no doubt, his faults. But he had that in him which not all of us have ; he had that in him which, we are told on the highest authority, makes up for many faults — he loved much.

'Saint NICHOLAS commends to you all THE MEMORY OF OGDEN HOFFMAN.'

In solemn silence the Society rose and remained standing, while the band played a dirge.

The Fourth Toast was responded to by Commander PERRY. He did not intend to make a speech, but as the only officer of the Navy present, he could not permit the Toast to pass in silence. He was gratified to acknowledge a compliment to the Army and Navy coming from the Society—the descendants of those who had always been celebrated in naval history, and whose Navy still held the high character which at one time had made it supreme on the seas. Its officers were courteous, skilful, and brave, and would bear comparison with any service in the world, and he knew of no enemy harder to deal with than a Dutch national vessel of equal force. He offered as a Toast :

'HONOR AND PROSPERITY TO THE NAVY OF THE NETHERLANDS.'

To the Fifth Toast Mr. BOGERT responded. He observed that there was accorded to him the privilege of replying to a Toast consecrated in the memory of centuries, the principles and recollections embodied in which, he cherished as men cherish their life-blood. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, an Albany Dutchman, but no stranger to Saint NICHOLAS ; he had met them before. At the princely entertainment given by the Society to the officers of the Dutch Frigate Prins Van Orange, when HOFFMAN was their presiding officer ; when the mighty WEBSTER was present at his side, designated by their no less eloquent President as the Kohinoor of the jewels that adorned his country's crown ; he who, for the last time in public, had that night lifted his voice in grateful homage to Holland for the lessons in civil and religious liberty she had taught us, and whose achievements in science and scholarship were unsurpassed at the present day. There was a homely proverb, often used in ridicule and ignorance : The Dutch have taken Holland. The Dutch did take Holland, and it would require something to take Holland, too, for she fights the sea. Mr. B. continued in a strain of impassioned eloquence, which riveted the close attention of all present, and concluded by offering as a Toast :

'ONE PEOPLE, ONE WIFE, ONE COUNTRY, ONE DESTINY.'

The Sixth Toast was appropriately and eloquently responded to by Mr. J. W. BECKMAN.

The PRESIDENT prefaced the Last Toast with a few words to the Representatives of the several Benevolent Societies, addressing each in turn, and bidding them a cordial welcome to the Festive Board of Saint NICHOLAS.

Mr. FOWLER, President of Saint GEORGE, responded. He felt sure that the President of Saint NICHOLAS would not hesitate to admit that he was always ready to pay him the highest mark of deference and respect, as under the patronage of one of the choicest Saints of the calendar. He felt more than ordinary pleasure in

appearing once more as the representative of Saint GEORGE, though he did not know but that he was barred by the statute of limitation; for twice six years had elapsed since he had had the honor of attending their *levees*. His absence had been very protracted. In the long interval many changes had taken place. Young men had become old. Some had been married; some had remained in the selfish state of single blessedness. In this allusion (turning to the PRESIDENT) he felt that he was treading on delicate ground. He would soften it as much as possible. Although he (the President) had advanced in years, he had also advanced in all those attractive social virtues for which his ancestors were remarkable. In giving a parting toast to a parting speech, he would say, that every member of this Society in himself, in his character illustrates the character of his city, his State, and his country, and he hoped that every son of Saint NICHOLAS, when called away, may leave behind him a track of light as will illumine the Saint under whose banners they were assembled. Mr. F. gave as a Toast:

'THE SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: Though the youngest members of our social and sacred ALLIANCE, Saint GEORGE greets them as faithful, gallant, and effective Allies.'

Mr. JOHNSON, Vice-President of Saint ANDREW's, next responded. He thanked them for the compliment Saint ANDREW had received. He represented a Society, many of whose sons were united in lineage as they were by the ties of charity, with the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS. The only special intimation he had received from his Saint was to take care of his pipe. He knew not exactly why, but the only reason he could conjecture was, that the Saint himself in leaving their festive board, may probably have had some difficulty in taking care of his own. He gave as a toast:

'THE SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: True descendants of old Holland. No Son of Saint ANDREW needs to be reminded of the country which gave to the world the learning of GROTIUS and the wit of ERASMUS.'

Mr. SLOAN, Vice-President of Saint PATRICK's, unlike Saint GEORGE, was not a venerable member, nor a venerable representative of his Society; still he felt himself no less welcome. There had been some strife as to who should be among the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS to-night. It would not have been a matter of wonder to any body, had the invitation been to be among the daughters, for the Irishman was not slow in selecting the daughters of Saint NICHOLAS. It was the daughters that made this the *home* of the Irishman. Mr. Sloan gave as his Toast:

'NEW-YORK: The home of Saint NICHOLAS! whose generous hospitality none will better appreciate than the Sons of Saint PATRICK.'

Mr. BONNEY, of the New-England Society, said: It was an eminently grateful duty to acknowledge the hospitality of the descendants of the Hollander, and while he returned thanks for the compliment to the Society, he could not but express his own for the cordiality with which he had been received as their representative. They claimed not to be upon the calendar of Saints. For himself he had no great reverence for saints generally, and when he read of the exploits of Saint GEORGE and the Dragon, Saint PATRICK and the Snakes, etc., he was much disposed to class their deeds with such fictions as JACK the Giant-Killer, CINDERELLA, and such like. There was some difference between the followers of Saint NICHOLAS and the New-Englanders, but it was easily accounted for — so much alike in some respects, so different in others. The Englishman in settling in this new country, took the coast. The Scotchman naturally sought the hills. The followers of Saint PATRICK everywhere, and they constitute an important element in the New-England

character. The Hollander sought a milder climate, smoother surface, and sat himself down in the valleys and *broad bottoms* of the rivers. The New-Englander could only see him here through a haze, and only approach him through such dreadful barriers as Hell Gate on the one side and Spuyten Duyvel on the other. When they did finally get among them, instead of the familiar names they had been accustomed to, they found the VAN HORNS, VAN HOOKS, VAN WINKLES, and VAN Dams. Celebrations of Paas, and Pinxter, Christmas, etc. They, the New-Englanders, were a pilgrim race, always seeking a better country, and a good many of them think they have found it here, in the home of the Dutchman. Ancient enmities were now obliterated and they had become, if he might be permitted to use a much-abused term, *amalgamated*, and could enjoy harmoniously the fellowship of to-night. He concluded by giving as a Toast:

'THE HOSPITALITY OF THE HOLLANDER: Always acknowledged, gratefully accepted, and effectively enjoyed by the Pilgrims in the Old World, and the Sons of the Pilgrims in the New.'

MR. FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, Ex-President, being called upon by the PRESIDENT, noticed in a few words the recent appearance of a book on Holland by a fellow-countryman, which had claimed as great admiration in Europe as in this country, and would secure for its author a niche in the Temple of Fame. He gave as a toast:

'JOHN LOTHEROP MOTLEY: The author of 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.' A history which on both sides of the Atlantic, it is conceded, has placed him in the rank of the most eminent historians, and won for himself and his native land high renown!'

MR. VAN WAGENEN, Vice-President, being called upon, adverted to the early days and history of the Society, and its social reunions at its favorite home, the old City Hotel. He spoke feelingly of its members, many now passed away, who then illustrated the character of the Society and gave dignity and honor to it. He gave as a Toast:

'THE OLD CITY HOTEL.'

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, in response to a call, replied in his usual vein of genial humor. He was glad to find that although the Society had not yet heard from its officers, they were not unmindful of the Stewards, whose Chairman he had the honor to be. He was chief of the head-waiters, whose duty it was to see that they were all comfortably provided for, and he was pleased to find that these herculean labors were properly appreciated. He was pleased to hear to-night from those who had so eloquently spoken, that the Dutch character was properly appreciated. They were an admirable people, and all respect was due to them. The highest allegiance was due to the Dutch. When the Government wanted an honest, capable man to take care of its money, whom did they select? A Dutchman, a member of Saint NICHOLAS, his friend Mr. CISCO. So too with Mr. FOWLER, the Post-Master; Mr. BRODHEAD, the Naval-Officer, and Mr. COCHRANE, the Surveyor; all members of this Society. There were some, who like the PRESIDENT and himself, scorned all office, except such as they held under Saint NICHOLAS. To be sure, there were some present under suspicion — his friend Mr. SCHELL, for instance — was charged with desiring to be Collector of the Port. He did not believe it. He had indignantly repelled the charge. The idea of an officer of this Society being recreant to his duty! — it was not to be entertained for a moment; hence he had denied it everywhere. There was one, however, he was sorry to say, had so far departed from his allegiance as to accept a minor appointment, after having been President

of the Society and to become a Governor of the State. The only circumstance to be mentioned in excuse is, that he ran against two Yankees and beat them both, and for this good deed he now gave a toast that a lady had sent him:

'OUR GOVERNOR-ELECT:

'T is often said, as past all contradiction,
That truth is sometimes stranger far than fiction;
And here surprising proof from our own ranks we bring:
The foremost of Republicans is JOHN — A. KING.'

Dr. BEALES, Ex-President of Saint GEORGE'S, being called upon, said: That he was not there in a public capacity, but as a guest of a member of the Society, his friend. Some two years since, when enjoying their hospitality, he found the Society in a great state of alarm, occasioned by the impending Maine Liquor Law. They were much alarmed as to where they should hereafter hold their annual meetings, smoke their pipes, and drink the incomparable schnapps. One of their orators had proposed Communipaw, in another State. Their minds must now be considerably eased on that point, since one of their Ex-Presidents had been elected Governor of the State, and he was quite sure that while a member of this Society held such a prominent position in the public councils, there could be no possible danger of a Liquor Law being passed. No one appreciated the Dutch character more than himself. He came from a part of England directly opposite the Dutch coast, and he was very far from saying aught against them; but when he heard the PRESIDENT claim Holland as the source of all the liberty they now enjoyed, that the Pilgrim Fathers had there received their ideas of liberty and toleration, he must differ with him. He contended that these principles they brought with them were inherent, and had their root in England, enlarged perhaps and strengthened by their sojourn in Holland; and hence to England and not Holland, must be given the honor for whatever of good these principles had here worked out. Last year Saint NICHOLAS had welcomed the Brother Societies; this year he perceived he offered a golden clasp to the Sisters.

Speeches were likewise made by Mr. SCHELL, Mr. MOUNT, and others, until midnight admonishing the members that the sacred day had arrived, they separated.

DORÉ: 'BY A STROLLER IN EUROPE.'— 'Books cannot always please,' says CRABBE, but we think one must be of difficult taste, and in a very *crabbed* mood, who could fail to be pleased with the volume before us. In these days of steam and rail, when nearly every body is rushing over the continent, it is delightfully refreshing to find some one that has the time and the sense to be a *stroller* in Europe; and just at present, though every book-seller's shelves are crowded with books of travel, it is a charming variety to find one which, like this, really repays us for the trouble of reading. Our author commences with Paris, about which he has many, odd, dry, and original things to say. Then he takes us up the Rhine to Frankford and Heidelberg, and speaking of the German students, he says:

'Go to the top of a mountain, and there is a student; sit down at a *table d'hôte* in the city, and there is a student; plunge into the highest or lowest beer-shop, and there is a student. They consider themselves a part of the scenery of the place, and, therefore, depute one or several of their number to every visitable spot in the vicinity, where they may be found at all hours of the day or night.'

Then he carries us pleasantly onward through Baden-Baden to Switzerland, giving us spicy anecdotes and graphic sketches of scenery and character that are truly charming. He takes us to the top of Mount Blanc, and finally brings us back to Paris again. He pays his country-women a very pretty compliment when he says: 'There is a beauty and freshness and naturalness about our women that I have seen nowhere equalled. They carry about with them the charm of unsuspecting, *unconscious* virtue.' He calls America 'the best-slandered country in the world,' and says that many people in France think that to spit is a profession here, followed by a majority of the people, the rest being slave-owners! We feel confident that this work will be read with delight by all; and for our own part, we prophesy that a writer who has begun so well will soon take a high stand in the literary ranks of our country. (HARPER AND BROTHERS.)

Letter to the Editor: from John Phentz.

'It is Sunday in Boston. I have been sitting in my room, No. 78 Tremont House; by the window, which commands a cheerful view of a grave-yard, musing on various matters and things in a solemn state of mind well befitting the place and the occasion. Seventeen inches of snow fell last night, and Boston looks white like the Island of Ichaboe, and to the full as desolate. Through the hollow and reverberating passages of this ancient building; around the corners of the sinuous streets; from each door and window, in every private and public building, and from the houses of God, resounds the peculiar sharp hacking cough of the population of Boston. Every soul of them has it. It is the disease of the country. When I meet an acquaintance in the street, I abstain from the usual greeting, and invariably say, 'How is your cough?' and the reply invariably is, 'About the same.' Coughing, and the ancient pastime of hawking, (followed by expectoration,) are the principal amusements in this cold city. In the grave-yard beneath my window, on a slate tombstone, may be found, I am informed, the following touching inscription:

'HERE I lie bereft of breath,
Because a cough carried me off,
Then a coffin, they carried me off in;'

which, I doubt not, describes the case of the majority of the silent incumbents of that place of rest.

'The Tremont House is in many respects a good institution; it is perfectly clean and well arranged, the attendance is good and the fodder excellent; but there is an indescribable air of gloom and solemnity pervades the entire establishment well suited to Boston, but chilling to a stranger to the last degree. The waiters, dressed in black with white neckcloths, move silently and sadly about the tables, looking like so many Methodist ministers with thirteen children, four hundred a year, and two donation parties; the man in the office never smiles—in any point of view; a large Bible with the name of the House stamped upon it in gilt letters, (to prevent religious strangers from bottling it,) lies on every table, and the chamber-maids attend family prayers in the basement. All is 'grand, gloomy,' and it must be confessed, exceedingly peculiar. I have attempted but two jokes in this solemn

place, and they fell like the flakes of snow, silent and unnoticed. An unfortunate individual in the reading-room last evening was seized with an unusually violent fit of coughing, which, if a man could by any possibility be turned inside out, would have done it; and as a partial cessation of it occurred, with his hair standing on end, (he had coughed his hat off,) his face glowing with exertion, and the tears standing in his unhappy eyes, he very naturally gave vent to a profane execration. Every body looked shocked! I remarked in an audible tone to my companion, that the exclamation was a coffer-dam; an admirable contrivance for raising obstructions from the bottom of streams, and probably adopted by the gentleman to clear his throat; but no one laughed, and I incontinently went to bed. This morning on arising I discovered that my boots, left outside the door to be embellished with blacking, had, like those of BOMBASTES, not been displaced; so I said to the porter, a man of grave and solemn aspect: 'You have a very honest set of people about this house.' 'Why?' said the porter, with a somewhat startled expression. 'Because,' I rejoined, 'I left my boots outside my door last night, and find this morning no one has touched them.' That man walked off all slow and stately, and never knew that I had been humorous. Disappointments have been my lot in life. I remember in early childhood going to the theatre to see Mrs. W. H. SMITH appear in two pieces; the bills said she would do it, and she came on the stage perfectly whole and entire like any other lady. Upon the whole it is my impression that Boston is a dull, gloomy, precise, and solemn city, which I take to be owing entirely to the intense cold that prevails there in the winter, which chills and freezes up the warmer nature of the inhabitants, who do n't have time to get thawed out before the cold comes back again. I have met many Bostonians in more genial climates, who appeared to be very hearty and agreeable fellows. I took a short ride yesterday in the Metropolitan Rail-Road cars, which are dragged by horse-power from the Tremont House to Roxbury. The only other occupant of my car was a young and lovely female in deep mourning. She wore a heavy black veil, and her thick and beautiful auburn hair was gathered up on each side her face beneath a spotless cap, a widow's cap of snowy muslin. I had always a feeling for widows; young and pretty widows particularly, always excite my deepest interest and sympathy. I gazed with moistened eye on the sweet specimen before me, so young, so beautiful, I thought, and alas! what suffering she has experienced. I pictured to myself her devotion to her husband during his last illness, the untiring watchfulness with which she hung over his pillow, the unwearying and self-sacrificing spirit with which she hoped on, hoped ever, till in despite of her care, her love, he sank forever, and her agonized shriek rang in my ear, as with hands clasped and upturned eye, she felt that he was dead, her dream of life was over, her strength was gone, her heart was broken. The young widow had been regarding me earnestly during this time, and probably imagined what was passing in my mind, for throwing her veil over her hat, she turned partly around toward me, and looking steadfastly in my face—she winked her eye! Yes, Sir, she winked her eye at *me*—the moral PHENIX; and I rose from my ashes and left the metropolitan car and returned to the Tremont House. And is it possible, thought I, as I gazed from my window up Tremont-street and observed a sanctimonious gentleman in a long black overcoat, look hastily up and down the street, and then dodge up a small alley in great haste; is it possible that this little widow in the car is at all typical of the great city to which she belongs? A most respectable, staid, and solemn outward appearance—covering a very strong disposition to that devilry which is defined by the Bible as 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of

the eye, and the pride of life.' But Boston, clothed in its robe of snow, looked too pure, too bride-like, and I dismissed the supposition from my mind.

'They do n't have theatrical performances in Boston on Saturday evenings; the theatres open at 3 o'clock P.M., and the performance is over at six. THALBERG was allowed to give a concert here last evening, however. He was practising a little this morning also on the piano, when a message came from a serious family in the next room begging him not to play dancing tunes. He did n't.

'I had intended to have written to you more at length, but am off to New-Orleans directly, and must pack my trunk. Boston is a great place. I am sorry I had n't time to go and see the Monastery presided over by ABBOT LAWRENCE, that was burned by the Orangemen. Yours truly and respectfully,

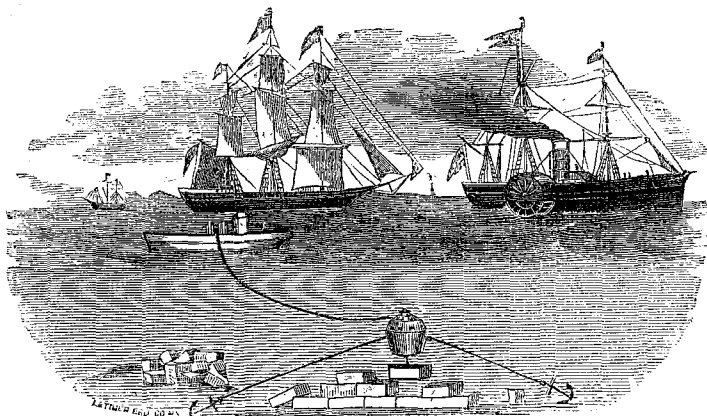
'JOHN PHENIX.'

Gossip With Readers and Correspondents.

'Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave:'

might very well be adopted by Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, President of the '*Nautilus Sub-Marine Company*,' in an invitation to an examination of the almost self-acting invention, which recently excited so much wonder and admiration in the neighborhood of our metropolis; an admiration and wonder shared by all our contemporaries of the daily press, as well as of all others who witnessed the perfectly successful accomplishment of the experiment. This subject, we might as well premise in this place, has always had great attractions for us. Over eighteen years ago, as old readers of the KNICKERBOCKER may possibly recollect, we devoted an extended subsection of this department of our Magazine to a notice of the performance of '*A Man in Sub-marine Armor*,' off the Battery. It occurred in September, 1838, during the 'Fair of the American Institute' for that year. In this case, the 'diver' fronted the town from the deck of a sloop, an 'uncouth agglomeration of four limbs,' and looking very much like a robustious beer-barrel on skids. He had an inverted head-piece, or hat, like a topsy-turvy iron pail, with a small glass-door on hinges in front. This was attached to an India-rubber jacket, terminating near the middle of the body in a strong copper hoop, which was screwed to another and corresponding hoop, fastened to the caoutchouc 'trowserloons,' which terminated in bronze or brass 'leggings,' and impervious boots. He had a long cord in his 'mailed right hand,' and there was a small engine-hose coiled up on the deck, which he alluded to as 'that air-pipe.' This was wormed into the top of his hat; and over the rail he went, after a bow to the crowd on the Battery, and a wave of his hand, neither of which could have ever been learned from a French dancing-master. After having 'gone under,' he walked about a few minutes, vigorously 'pumped' from the deck, as to what he was discovering; the bubbles meantime rising from the surface, disclosing his 'whereabout.' Presently he made a signal, climbed a pole rising some ten or twelve feet out of the water, exposed to view a basket of champagne, and with *that*, was received on board as a 'welcome guest.' Such was sub-marine exploration, before the

era of daguerreotypes, and land and ocean telegraphs. It is a different matter *now*: and perhaps we cannot better *explain* the difference, than by giving the following 'cut' of the '*Nautilus*' engaged in her operations in New-York harbor:



together with the following extract from a letter regarding the same, from Mr. JESSE GAY, Chief-Engineer of the United States' Navy at Washington, to Captain A. BIGELOW, Commandant of the Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, dated the ninth of December:

'In compliance with your order of the twelfth ult., I proceeded to Glen Cove, and witnessed some experiments with the Nautilus Sub-Marine Company's Diving-Bell, which were made to test the power and adaptability of this apparatus for the construction of wharfs, sub-marine walls, piers, etc. I have the honor to report that the Nautilus Sub-Marine Company gave me an opportunity to make such tests and experiments as I desired.

'With the assistance of two experienced persons, I descended in the bell to about twenty feet below the surface of the water. The time occupied to prepare the bell and reach the bottom, was about two minutes and thirty seconds, and about a minute and a half to return to the surface. I found the machine very simple, easily managed, and perfectly under the control of the operator. It can be brought from the surface to the bottom of the water with considerable rapidity, or it can be moved up and down quite slowly, as may suit the convenience of the operator.

'When on the bottom, or resting on a work, the water can be expelled from the working-chamber, so that no more than one or two inches remains above the bottom of the bell, and even this may be removed by an additional pressure of air in the working-chamber; hence a great advantage in operating upon works or sub-marine blasting is obtained.

'A block of granite, weighing about four tons, had previously been prepared and placed on the bottom. The bell was attached to this stone by a 'Leins,' and brought it within four feet of the surface. The time occupied in securing the stone and coming up was about three minutes. The construction of the bell would not admit the stone to be brought nearer the surface. This is sufficient for laying wall in tide-water. Should it be required to perform work when the tides do not ebb and flow, auxiliary water-chambers are attached, so that the work can be brought to within about one foot of the surface. I descended with the stone, and by the aid of two men, transported it several feet laterly with as much ease as could have been done were it suspended upon a crane, with the advantage of placing it any point or in any desired position.

'I occupied the bell forty minutes, performing such experiments as suggested themselves to my mind. I experienced no unpleasant sensation, such as are produced in the common diving-bell, by the action of the pump. When necessary to admit air, it is done so evenly, that all unpleasant sensation upon the ear is obviated; consequently men can labor longer and with less fatigue in the Nautilus than in the Diving-Bell.

'The power of this particular bell is sufficient to lift in sea-water about six tons.

Should more power be required, auxiliary tanks may be attached, so that a greater amount of power may be obtained.

'The Nautilus is much better adapted to sub-marine works than any other machine now in use.

'Its construction is simple, its operating safe, the cost of working it less, and with it a very great amount of work can be performed, over that done by the ordinary bell with double the number of workmen.

'It has advantages for the construction of wharfs, sub-marine walls, piers, drawing and sawing off piles, removing stone or other obstacles, examining bottoms, broken works, and sunken wrecks, combined in no other machine, by having the power within itself of descending or ascending at any required point, without the aid of any apparatus on the shore, and of being moved at pleasure horizontally on or near the bottom.

'The simplicity of its construction, the ease with which it is operated, and being suspended by its own buoyancy, render the safety of those within not dependent upon the treacherous nature of iron or wood. Should the air-pipe be separated, or disconnected from the bell, it contains the power within itself to be brought to the surface, thus rendering the loss of life from any conceivable accident almost impossible.

'The machinery for condensing air with a receiver for the supply of the bell is not an unimportant of the apparatus. It consists of a small steam-engine and boiler which drives the air-pump. The latter is so constructed that the atmosphere can be condensed to a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch, or more. The condensed air is received into a strong wrought-iron receiver, from whence it supplies the bell as required through a gutta-percha tube.

'This machinery is placed on board a small vessel, or scow, that may be conveniently moved, and from this receiver one or more bells may be supplied.

'As an instance which practically illustrates the availability of this improvement at distant points of operation, without delay or time spent in preparation, I mention, that on the morning of the second instant the machine lay at the Navy-Yard.

'The Mayor of New-York requested the Nautilus Company to make some examinations of a sunken work on the North River at Manhattanville. At two p.m., the bell left the yard and proceeded to that place, and was ready to operate early the following morning.

'It is my opinion that with this machine, properly managed, more than double the work can be constructed under the water, and with one half of the expense, than by any other means, and I therefore recommend it to the particular consideration of the government.

'Respectfully your obedient servant,

'JESSE GAY, *Chief-Engineer U. S. Navy.*

'To Captain A. BIGELOW, *Commander, Navy-Yard, New-York.*

Now this 'tells the whole story' in a practical, business point of view, by a government-officer, whose province it is, among other things, to report all great improvements connected with his important branch of the national service. One thing struck us forcibly, we remember, in the 'long-ago' experiment to which we have alluded; and that was, the danger of the air-hose breaking, or giving out, and the 'man in armor' being left to suffocate. We even dreamed, soon after, of being the 'Man in Marine Armor' ourself, and having our pipe suddenly cut or bitten off. We expired for want of breath in thirty feet of water. It was terrible! But *Nautilus*, it seems, carries *his own* inflating apparatus, and 'asks small odds' of the up-siders. Certainly, it is one among the most wonderful inventions of the age. It is so safe and so powerful; can be employed for so many purposes; raising vessels; removing obstructions in current-ways; raising sunken treasure; examining and working of the beds of auriferous rivers; in pearl, coral, and sponge-fisheries; and it can work night and day, (even *better* at night, it is affirmed, by a powerful artificial light;) and more than all, can be so *easily* worked; that we cannot conceive it possible that '*The Nautilus*' should not at once take rank among the first and most important inventions of the age. The machine used in the experiment at Glen Cove was a medium one, only twenty feet in diameter, and eight feet deep; but the distinguished

engineers, journalists, and scientific men, who went down in her, and *staid* down in her, for some seven or eight minutes, experienced no discomfort, saw her perform her marvels, and came out 'as dry as a bone.' Any size, however, may be attained, by a simple extension of the plan and the principle. Mr. SAMUEL HALLETT, President of '*The Nautilus Company*,' proceeds immediately to England, where the '*Nautilus*' will show 'her points' in the 'Prince ALBERT Docks,' which have been granted by the Government for that purpose. The Washington authorities have contracted for three of the machines, of great capacity, to be used about the public works. The PRESIDENT says he has been applied to, to lift the Sebastopol fleet, sunk in that harbor. *He can do it, too.* Howbeit, we have said enough—perhaps too much—on a subject not exactly 'literary.' But, like ballooning in the air, sub-marine experiments always had an unwonted interest to our imagination. So we leave off where we began: NAUTILUS *loquitur*:

'Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave:
Pleasant and *safe* shall thy voyage be,
And what 'lots of things' we'll save!'

WE wish that our excellent friend and popular correspondent, 'HONEYWELL' would 'make the proposition good,' to which he alludes in his last verse but one: a verse which *he* crossed out, but which *we* have ventured to restore:

'The Lecturer.

BY J. HONEYWELL.

'I HAVE been to hear the lecture,
With a crowd of other folks,
Where we marvelled at the wisdom
That overlaid the jokes,
And the bits of queer philosophy,
And humoristic strokes.

'It's astonishing to me
How a lecturer gets along,
And contrives to make his points
So intolerably strong,
That the tears and laughter clash
Like a sermon and a song.

'Perhaps the secret lies
In the large amount of pay
Which the speaker nightly gets
For his doings in that way;
A divining rod to point
Where arts of pleasing lay.

'Ah! me, if that is so,
And men have wit to sell:
If a fifty-dollar bill
Makes so little learning *tell*,
I pray the golden bucket
May go often to the well.

'I knew before, that gold
Had overwhelming power;
Now I see it can condense
A flood into a shower,
And cram a life's research
Into lectures of an hour.

'I wish that some committee
Would apply the test to me:
I would overhaul my brain
Where the learning used to be,
And all the wit I knew
The light of day should see.

'I do believe that I,
With what is in my head—
Native genius and the crop
Of what I may have read,
Compressed, could make a book
About as good as 'Dred.'

'Up now a subject pops:
The trial I will dare!
So ye grave committee-men,
Your darling notes prepare:
Be prompt! for well you know
I can't go everywhere!'

HONEYWELL *himself* should give us a lecture. - - - 'An Eastern Lawyer' writes us as follows: 'An Italian gentleman called at my office a short time since and inquired if he could get divorced from his wife. Now a divorce is not to be considered hastily, and I gravely said that I regretted that our laws *favoured* divorces, and added, that if he would inform me particularly in relation to the nature and extent of his grievances, I would advise him:

'In what particular has your wife disregarded her marriage vows?

'ITALIAN: 'Well, 'Squire, to tell the truth, my wife do n't know not'ing about cook'n.'

'I waited to learn what was coming next; and hearing nothing, I ventured to ask if that was all.

'ITALIAN: 'Yes, 'Squire; bating that she is the nicest little 'oman you ever see in your life.'

'I suggested to my distressed client that a divorce would cost forty dollars, and that he could teach his wife to cook for half the money.

'Bless you,' rejoined the Italian, 'I do n't know not'ing about cook'n' *myself*.'

'Then hire a cook to teach your wife.'

ITALIAN becomes silent and thoughtful. In a few minutes I asked:

'How do you like my advice?'

'Hearing no response, I looked around and discovered that he had 'quietly stolen away.'

'There is a good *moral* to this, but I dare not suggest it, for fear of wounding the feelings of some of your 'lady-subscribers.'

'I related the foregoing to one of the justices of the Supreme Court of an adjoining State, and he told me that he was once consulted upon a Sabbath morning, by a rich merchant, concerning a divorce. The judge, who was then a practitioner, objected to doing any business whatever upon the Sabbath; but so urgent were the appeals of his friend, and so profuse his tears, that the judge consented to hear the history of his trials and the particulars of his afflictions.

'CLIENT: 'You know very well, Mr. S —, that I was upward of forty years of age when I married Miss B —; from which time I have not seen one day of real happiness! Perhaps I am somewhat to blame myself. Possibly the discrepancy of our ages may have had something to do with it; but Mr. B —, if you can only procure for me a divorce, I am willing that you should have the half of my estate, and my wife may have the remainder.'

'JUDGE: 'Well, what is the particular 'mode' by which you expect to procure a divorce?'

'CLIENT: 'Well, Mr. B —, if you come to that, I suppose it must be told. You know my habits of life before marriage? Yes. Well, whenever *now* I go home and carry my papers into the library, and by the time I am fairly seated in my chair, in comes my — my wife — and — and sits right down in my lap! Augh!' And then as if to tip her out of his lap, he stood up nearly erect with hands extended, as if fearing she would get back into his lap again before he heard the opinion of this learned counsellor on this point of law.'

What a ridiculous old 'spoon!' - - - 'W. C. S.,' who lives out in 'the Jerseys,' has had '*A Vision*,' and a part of what he dreamed ensueth. It seems that the Mantuan bard, who put DANTE through a course of supernatural 'sprouts,' accompanied our correspondent through the nine circles

into a tenth one, which does not seem to have been an eligible place of residence for 'souls in bale.'

'It was a swamp, with green slime, and the swamp-lily moving sluggishly above it. Here were wading and plunging thousands of both men and women, the number of the latter preponderating. As I gazed upon their faces, rendered sallow and sickly by the pestilential airs of the marsh, pity moved me to tears. 'Alas!' said I, 'whose and what dismal abode is this?' 'Here live, yet wish to die,' VIRGIL replied, 'those who on earth violated the sternest law of Nature, by writing much, and calling that which they had written, 'Poetry.' Of *Twaddle* and of *Bosh* this is the swamp.'

'By permission from my guide I addressed several of these would-be poets. I said to a maiden with dishevelled hair and yellow eyes: 'What brought you to this gloomy place?' 'Ah!' said she, in accents of despair: 'Poetry! Poetry!' and the word was echoed by the dismal croakings of a thousand frogs. The noise having subsided, I begged her to recite a few lines, the 'twaddle' whereof had consigned her to that damp 'poet's corner.' In tremulous tones she repeated the following:

'On Spring.

OLD WINTER's dead, and green upon its grave
The modest blade comes out to kiss the air,
Not weeping do the willow's branches wave,
Nor the sad cypress its deep sorrows wear.

'Let fortune keep her heaps of shining gold,
And me deny to sleep on downy bed;
While flowers and leaves their varied hues unfold,
And genial sun-rays glistening dew-drops wed.

'I'll sing of Nature and her artist, Spring,
Who paints the garden's face and decks the bough,
And from the treasures of my heart I'll bring
A string of pearls to throw around its brow.'

This will do for a specimen of the style of 'Poetry' in the 'Swamp of Twaddle and Bosh.' - - - AFTER all, we did not 'vaticinate' in vain, when we bade our readers expect some metropolitan sketches from 'DIE VERNON.' *Voilà* :

'THOUGH for a long time I had been convinced of the wisdom of SOLOMON's remark that

'Of making many books there is no end,'

I never had any idea of what a complicated piece of work *book-making* was, until the day when, under the ciceronage of my friend Mr. H——, I went over the establishment of the Messrs. HARPER, where they make 'books which *are* books,' and do not believe that

'A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.'

and though we are told by a very *crabbed* fellow that 'books cannot always please,' it strikes me that one must be of difficult taste who could fail to be pleased with the infinite variety which there meets the eye; and although I know that 'some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested,' I felt inclined to devour them all, for I am a *book-worm*, you know!

'Upon our entrance into this mammoth establishment, this world of literature, we were met and kindly welcomed by an elegant young fellow, with sparkling bright eyes and a moustache *à la* LOUIS NAPOLEON, who conducted us into the presence

of his uncle, the former Mayor of our city, and one of the most charmingly genial old gentlemen I have met in a long while; and as I looked at his well-shaped head sprinkled with silver, I thought it would have to be a remarkably fine team, of which that 'gray Mayor' would n't be 'the better horse!'

'For some time we sat pleasantly chatting in his sanctum, and I could n't help thinking what a different scene that cheerful room presented to the picture in my mind, gathered from books, of the private office of the head of a great publishing house, where poor poets are represented as meeting with such gruff formality, and the tender offsprings of their brain receiving such unflattering rejection. But it strikes me the world owes those London publishers a debt of gratitude, who thus nip so many would-be poets in the bud,

'And dock the tail of Rhyme:'

else should we have been perfectly deluged with poor poetry; and, to my thinking, there is too much of it afloat already.

'Poets may know the *pleasure* of 'poetic pains,' but it remains for the reader to experience the agony of them!

'However, I could n't help congratulating myself upon not being a poor authoress, come to offer a manuscript for publication, sitting there waiting for the decision which was to crown or crush my hopes, and upon which perhaps my next meal depended:

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,'

but for my part, I would rather bake and brew, scrub floors and wash dishes, than attempt to gain a livelihood by my pen. I suppose I am an exception to the general run of scribblers, in preferring praise to pay; and there is no class I pity so much as those who are obliged to coin their brains for bread. This mortal coil of mine is capable of enduring considerable hardship, but my brains are very fine-ladyish, and will only work when they please, and that after their own fashion, too.

'The other evening, wishing to 'raze the written troubles' from these same brains, I accepted an invitation to attend one of the fashionable entertainments of our city. 'The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!' just at present happens to be Mr. DONETTI's active monkeys; and though some may be tempted to exclaim:

'Lo! when the stage, the poor degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age;'

for my own part, I must confess to having been more amused than I usually am, where all the players are merely men and women; and let me advise you, reader, when you get a fit of the blues, and feel that man delights you not, nor woman neither; when champagne fails to exhilarate, and whiskey-punch to cheer; instead of committing matrimony or suicide, go and see these wonderful animals. I have always had a partiality for the monkey race — the dear little creatures are *so much like men*; and since witnessing their performances at the Chinese Rooms,

'I love not men the less, but monkeys more.'

Some of their feats were really very curious: a monkey comes in riding a goat: he is dressed like a jockey, with a little red cap, and a little blue coat; 'and thereby hangs a tail' — a round, unvarnished tail; for though Mr. D. may understand how 'to point a moral,' he evidently does not wish 'to adorn a tail!'

'It is rather late in the day to wish you a Merry Christmas, dear friends; but I hope that you all had as *happy* a one as I did, for Christmases have long since ceased to be *merry* with me; in fact, I think they are only so to children, who have no cares and sorrows — no repinings, regrets, or heart-aches!

'Happy those who, as they gather round the festive board, can look back to their childhood, and count no broken link in the family chain; see no vacant seat at the hearth-stone, and miss no well-loved voice from the social circle.

'Twenty Christmases have come and gone since the hand of Death was busy in our household bands, and his icy fingers laid upon our father's heart; but the void in our home can never be filled; and we cannot meet together now, even after the lapse of so many years, without feeling our great loss, as though it were but yesterday.

'Yet, remembering the happy Christmases of our own childhood, we strive to make the day a merry one to the little folks around us; and while witnessing their mirth, we forget for a season our own sorrows — for the heart must indeed be a sad one that can fail to be cheered by the innocent joy of childhood.

'To hear the sweet little voices chattering about SANTA CLAUS, and whispering into your ear the tale you once so firmly believed, of his coming over the house-tops in his little sleigh, drawn by rein-deer, and finding his way down the chimney, and filling the stockings of good little children with toys, picture-books, and candies.

'Then, to see the little creatures on Christmas morning jumping up before daylight and eagerly examining the treasures which their patron-saint has brought them, for all children are worshippers of SANTA CLAUS, I believe.

'If you enter the nursery, you will be instantly surrounded by the happy group, and perfectly overwhelmed by the load of play-things which will be crowded into your lap, while the delighted owners stand by and eagerly claim your admiration for their respective treasures, and giving vent to their happiness in all sorts of noisy caresses and caperings.

'Ah! who would not be a child again, and believe in good Saint NICK?

'A Happy New-Year to you all, dear readers mine, wherever you may be!

'To you on the coast of the Pacific, in the western home of your adoption; and to you in far away Australia, the land of your exile! To you who are plodding through the perplexities of political life, and you who are revelling amid the gayeties of Paris. And to you who are up to your eyes in literature, and up to your ears in love: A happy New-Year is the wish of your friend,

DIE VERNON.'

Many a reader will *reciprocate* that wish. - - - Of the many publications that, through the kindness of our friends the authors, find their way to our table, we know of none more entertaining or instructive, particularly for the young, than the '*Annual Report of the United States Coast Survey*.' Much interesting matter is to be found in this popular work, which is calculated to improve and instruct the casual reader in an eminent degree. The Superintendent, Hon. A. D. BACHE, has done us much honor in transmitting, with his compliments, a copy of the Report for 1856, in which, page 75, we find the following *morceau*, which strikes us as peculiarly felicitous:

'USING the high water ordinates determined as before stated, instead of the diurnal inequality in height, from which it has been shown not to differ sensibly, the numbers were compared with Mr. LUBBOCK's formula:

$$dh = B(A) \sin. 2 \delta \cos. (\psi - \phi) + \sin. 2 \delta, \cos. \psi.$$

Neglecting the variations of $\cos. (\psi - \phi)$ $\cos. \psi$, the coefficients B and (A) B were found by least squares for the separate six months, and for the year agreeing in the partial and total determinations. The discussion of the value of E, which is in progress, we hope to present at a future time.'

Now this is very gratifying, although we cannot but regret that the variations of the cos. ($\psi - \phi$), etc., should have been neglected. It is a comfort to reflect, however, that the discussion of the value of E is still going on; and that at some future time, (probably when the discussion of the value of T among our China merchants is brought to a close,) we shall know all about it. Meanwhile we can confidently recommend the 'Annual Report' as a work which should be placed in the hands of youth by every teacher, parent, and guardian, and which is moreover peculiarly adapted to the perusal of ladies, as it contains positively nothing which could wound the feelings of the most sensitive, or bring a blush upon the cheek of the most fastidious. A rare merit, in these days. - - - LAWYER H —, of Connecticut, was a *sharp* lawyer, invariably retained in criminal cases where his peculiar abilities were deemed likely to benefit his client. 'Old Mrs. L —,' the widow of a small farmer, was remarkable for her plainness of speech and manner; and she *was* 'one of the 'cute sort.' The old woman was an important witness for the prosecution, in a case in which H — defended the evil-doer. Her testimony bore hard upon the prisoner, and in the cross-examination, H — endeavored in vain to confuse or irritate her. At length, turning abruptly to the witness, he exclaimed: 'Madam! you have brass enough in your face to make a twelve-quart pail!' 'Yes,' replied the witness, '*and you've got saäse enough in your head to fill it!*' The lawyer had 'done' with *that* witness! - - - The following reaches us from a distinguished and always welcome correspondent:

THE HON. ARTHUR LIVERMORE of New-Hampshire, and JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, were both marked men, in their way, and both members of the House of Representatives in Congress together. Mr. RANDOLPH's metropolitan district and ancestral renown gave him of course, very much the more prominent position. And he was a man of overbearing pride and great *hauteur* of demeanor, and one who could not, with any tolerable degree of good grace, brook opposition; and whose ire was roused to the last degree by defeat.

'Mr. LIVERMORE had not been subjected to the same degree of accidental and artificial stimulus of pride and arrogance; but his spirit was scarcely more submissive than that of his lordly compeer. Above all things, he disdained to be trampled upon by an arrogant despotism, roused to the most impudent excess by the habit of domination in the relations of life.

'JOHNNY soon marked his man. For although LIVERMORE spoke but seldom, his words seemed to be armed with more than common fatality. There was a deadliness of aim, and an instinct of the fatal points in the anatomy of his antagonist's array of argument which made JOHNNY not a little nervous at the sound of his piercing voice, which never roused itself but for destruction.

'LIVERMORE had one day made a most subversive onset upon one of JOHNNY's favorite pieces of invective irony and playful slang, which he always delighted to deal out for the amusement of the House, and which consumed more time and afforded less light than ought to have been expected from a gentleman of such distinguished learning and ability as are, and always were, by common consent, accorded to the hero of Roanoke. JOHNNY turned upon his evil genius, for such he had come to regard him, with more than his ordinary measure of gall and bitter-

ness; among other things, calling him repeatedly the member from Vermont, a State, at that time, of somewhat dubious estimate in the companionship of the original thirteen. LIVERMORE, not a whit abashed, rose on the instant, and did battle so effectually as utterly to demolish all JOHNNY's glittering soap-bubbles, all the time referring to the worthy member from Rhode-Island. He said he objected to that gentleman, even, privileged as he undoubtedly was, riding rough-shod over the heads of his associates of the House with the same imperturbable coolness with which he swung along the streets in his *coach and six*!

'JOHNNY rose and indignantly disclaimed assuming any such baronial airs as had been attributed to him by the honorable member from *New-Hampshire*: and at the top of his shrieking voice declared he never drove more than *two*, on any occasion. Says LIVERMORE: 'I repeat, a coach and six! — two horses, two niggers, and two dogs!'

'This sudden *exposé* of the usual retinue of the worthy member from Roanoke, brought down the House in such hearty roars of laughter, that he did not deem it prudent to enter into any more extended explanations on that occasion: and he seldom afterward invited the strictures of Mr. L., whom he ever after denominated *my excellent friend* from New-Hampshire.

I. F. B.'

REplete with a fervent affection are the ensuing lines from a cherished and favorite correspondent:

'To The Absent One.

'Love me till we meet again!'
Was your farewell sad and brief;
Your loving eyes were dim with tears,
Your head was bowed in grief.

'Love you! yes, while life shall last,
Your image will be dear;
Your name by these fond lips shall be
Uttered but in prayer.

'Love you! better than aught else
Upon this glorious earth:
Love you! till this true heart be cold,
Its pulses stilled in death!

DIM VERNON.

'New-York, Dec. 26, 1856.'

'*Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit!*' - - - We shall offer no apologies for any 'short-comings' which may be apparent in *this* number of the KNICKERBOCKER. Precarious winter-passages by rail through the Southern and Northern 'outsquirts' of New-York and New-Jersey; miscarried and lost packages, containing notices of new books, and much 'Gossip' which we thought 'something'; proofs sent, but not received, from both ends of the line; twelve hours from New-York, fighting ice '*in townships*' on the Hudson, by the side of our 'never-say-die' friend, Captain HULSE, of the 'New-Haven' steamer: in fact, disappointments (not to say *perils*) all around — these *require* no excuse from *us*. Moreover, this is our 'Clearing House' month; and our correspondents, whose excellent favors have been delayed from necessity, are now heard; while our beloved SAINT NICHOLAS

is again fitly represented by the jubilant proceedings of his 'Sons,' at our recent anniversary — one of the 'very best yet.' - - - LYING *perdu* in a corner of an unfrequented drawer, we find '*Southern Sunbeams, by Sol. Sumpter,*' of Memphis, (Tenn.) His introduction is mainly local, and would not perhaps prove of general interest. We shall be glad, however, to receive the instalment of 'good 'uns' which he courteously bids us expect at his hands. Speaking of a *ci-devant* poet (and a good one) of 'that ilk,' now a business-man, he hits off the change in his outward man very tersely: 'He is small in stature, but an elephant in heart and soul. He once wore extravagant diamonds, not only in his linen but on his hands; but of late he has discarded all ornaments, even to the exclusion of shirt-buttons.' There is a sort of 'slur' in that last insinuation! - - - DURING the long session of the present Congress, while a member was 'going it on the loud,' and at railroad speed, Mr. ———, of the 'Old Dominion' desired to 'inject' a word or two, by way of interrogatory. This courtesy the member declined; but soon afterward had to beckon a page to bring a glass of water. Seizing the moment when he placed it to his lips, the Virginian remarked: 'As my friend has now arrived at a *water station*, I will take occasion to propound my question.' That was one way to get a word in edgewise! - - - As we write, the great American tragedian, EDWIN FORREST, is performing to overflowing houses, at the newly-renovated and beautiful *Broadway Theatre*. We saw his DAMON and his LEAR; characters in the rendition of which, for sublime effect of energy and passion, he *has not his equal in the world*. - - - MR. LEWIS F. THOMAS, of Washington City, author of '*Inda and Other Poems,*' a work of ability, hitherto noticed in these pages, has written a new American Tragedy, entitled '*Cortez, the Conqueror.*' We have heard the tragedy spoken of in terms of praise by those who have been favored with a perusal of some of its scenes.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. THALBERG, ETC., ETC. — The mild climate and sunny skies of the beautiful Havana have drawn from our vision and hearing for a time, the sylph-like figure and lark-like voice of LAGRANGE, with BRIGNOLI, MARETZEK, and the rest, and we just begin to realize how much we have lost by their departure.

The world-renowned THALBERG, the king of pianists, for a brief period delighted all who could be wedged into the halls where he was to be heard; and he too has gone to greet other halls and other ears with sounds they never can forget. May the angel of sweet music guard them as they go by land and by water, so that they may be long preserved to bring joy and gladness, if only for a short period, to those who, like us, have but brief hours of respite in their life of toil.

We have now the English Opera in the full tide of success, by the popular PYNE and HARRISON troupe at NIBLO's; and the German Opera at the Broadway, by a company every way worthy the support of the public.

We are much pleased to learn that Monsieur STRAKOSCH has taken the Academy of Music for a season, and by the time this number is issued, we shall have the Italian Opera again with a strong company, with Mademoiselle PARODI as Prima Donna, and an efficient corps of assistants.

PARODI is already favorably known to all lovers of good music, and they will be delighted to hear her full rich voice again in opera. The time is well chosen, and the company such, that we anticipate a great treat in listening to their music. We greatly err if they are not entirely successful.



F. F. Greene Halleck